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Vol. CXXV. No. 1635 MAY 23, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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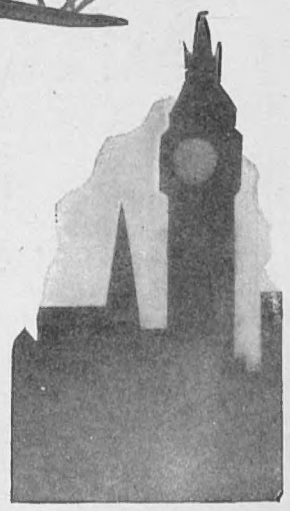

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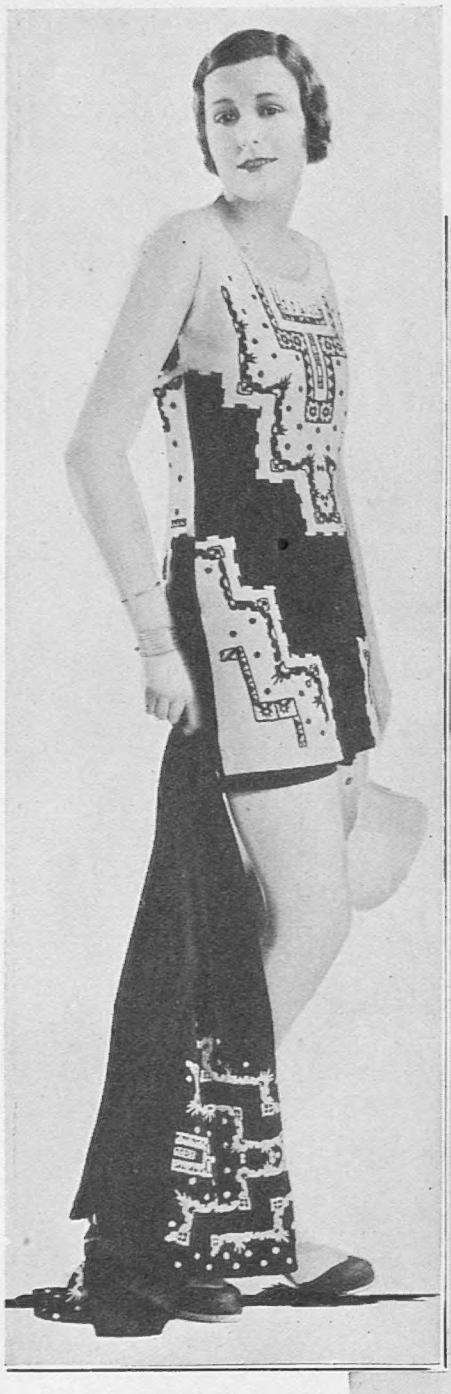

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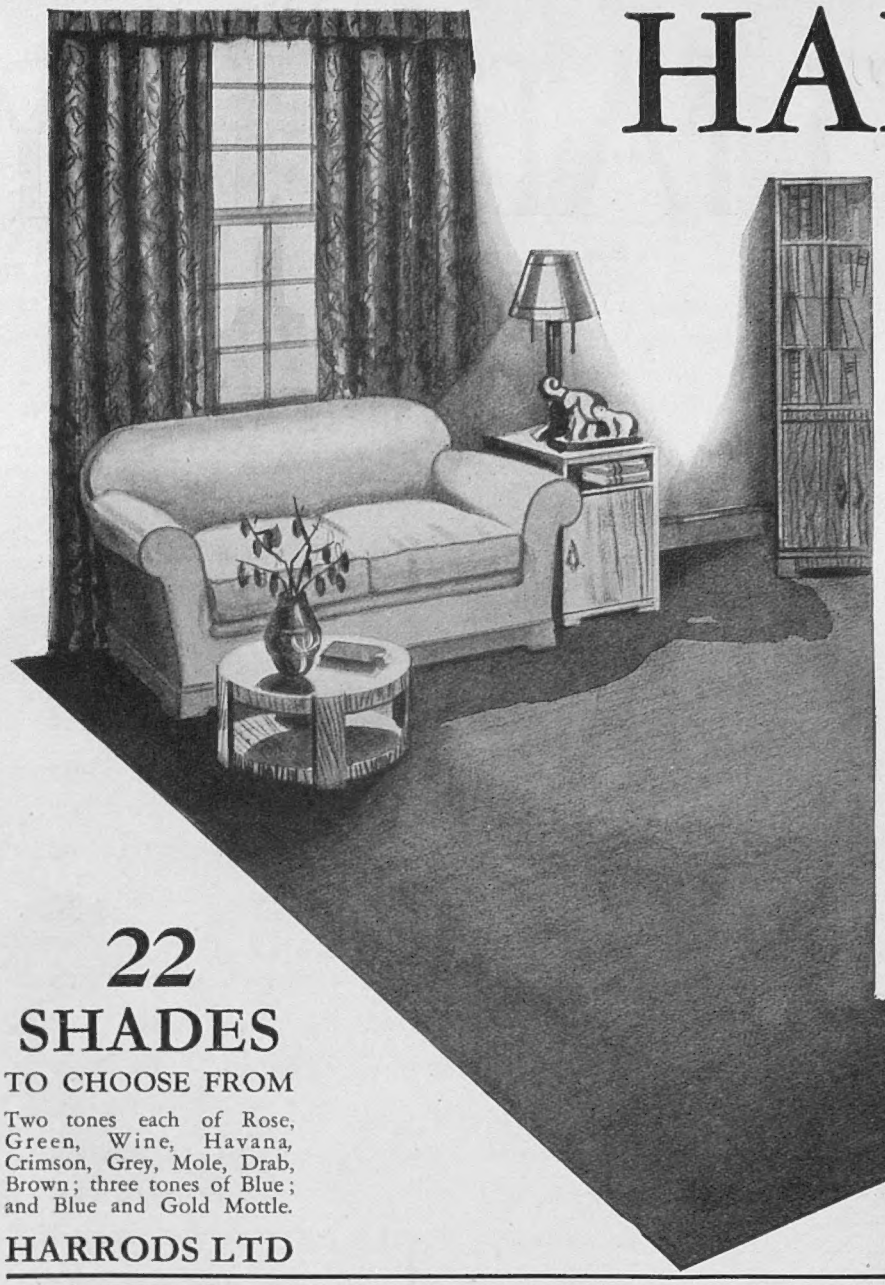

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WIDTHS UP TO 15 FT. SOLD BY THE YARD

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Samples gladly sent free; please state colours in which you are interested.

A few examples of the sizes and prices:

ft. in.		ft. in.		£ s. d.	ft. in.		ft. in.		£ s. d.
9 0	×	9 0	-	9. 0.0	15 0	×	12 0	-	20. 0.0
10 6	×	9 0	-	10.10.0	16 6	×	12 0	-	22. 0.0
12 0	×	9 0	-	12. 0.0	15 0	×	13 6	-	22.10.0
12 0	×	10 6	-	14. 0.0	16 6	×	13 6	-	24.15.0
13 6	×	10 6	-	15.15.0	18 0	×	15 0	-	30. 0.0
15 0	×	10 6	-	17.10.0	21 0	×	15 0	-	35. 0.0

22 SHADES TO CHOOSE FROM

Two tones each of Rose, Green, Wine, Havana, Crimson, Grey, Mole, Drab, Brown; three tones of Blue; and Blue and Gold Mottle.

The sizes quoted above are those generally in use, but any width can be cut to any length. Greater widths—16 ft. 6 ins., 18 ft. 0 in., 19 ft. 6 ins. and 21 ft. 0 in.—can be supplied within four weeks.

Carriage Paid to any address in Great Britain.

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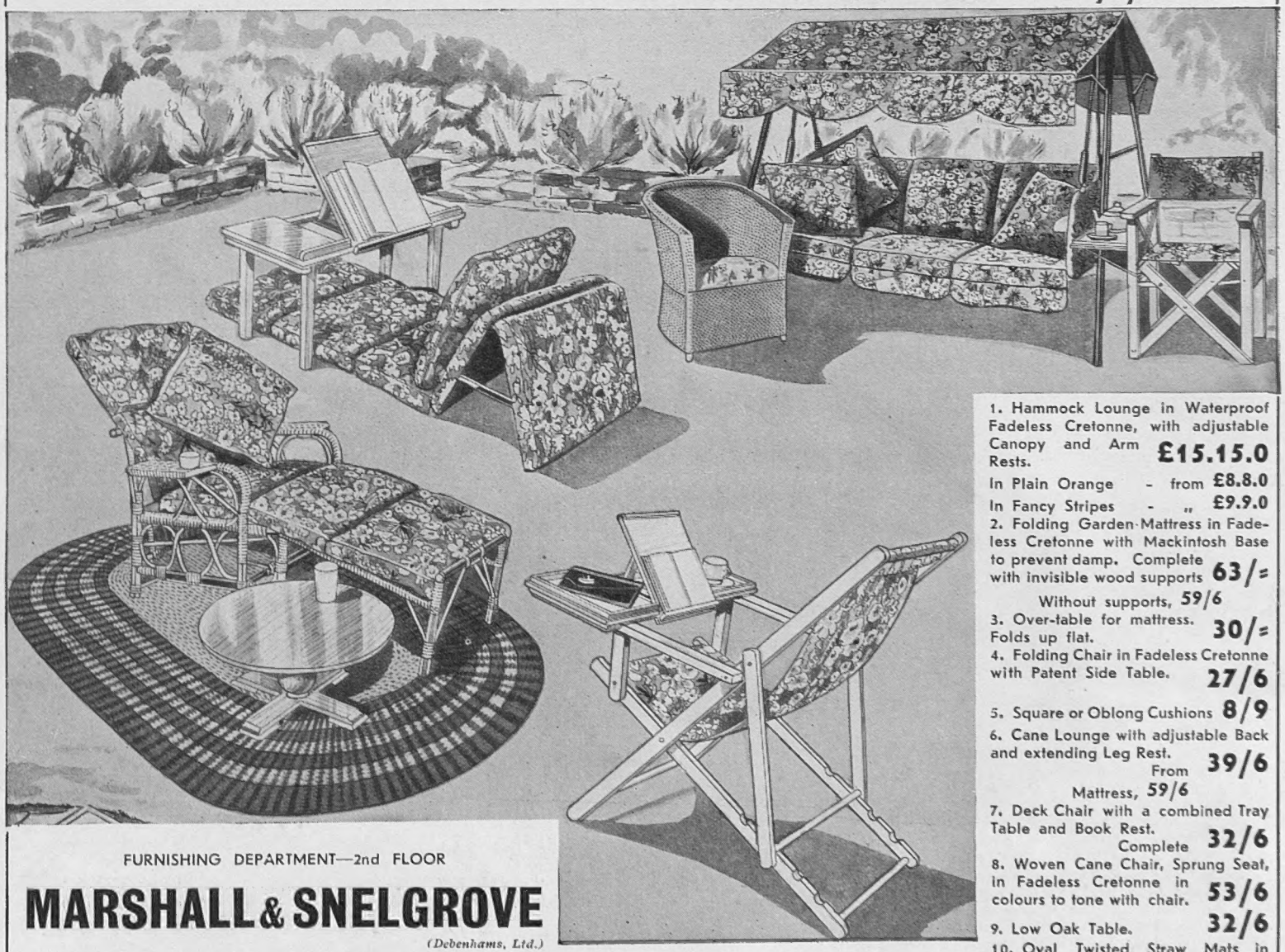

1. Hammock Lounge in Waterproof Fadeless Cretonne, with adjustable Canopy and Arm Rests. **£15.15.0**
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8. Woven Cane Chair, Sprung Seat, in Fadeless Cretonne in colours to tone with chair. **53/6**
9. Low Oak Table. **32/6**
10. Oval Twisted Straw Mats in assorted colourings and designs.
    38×18 ins., **2/8** 48×24 ins., **4/11**

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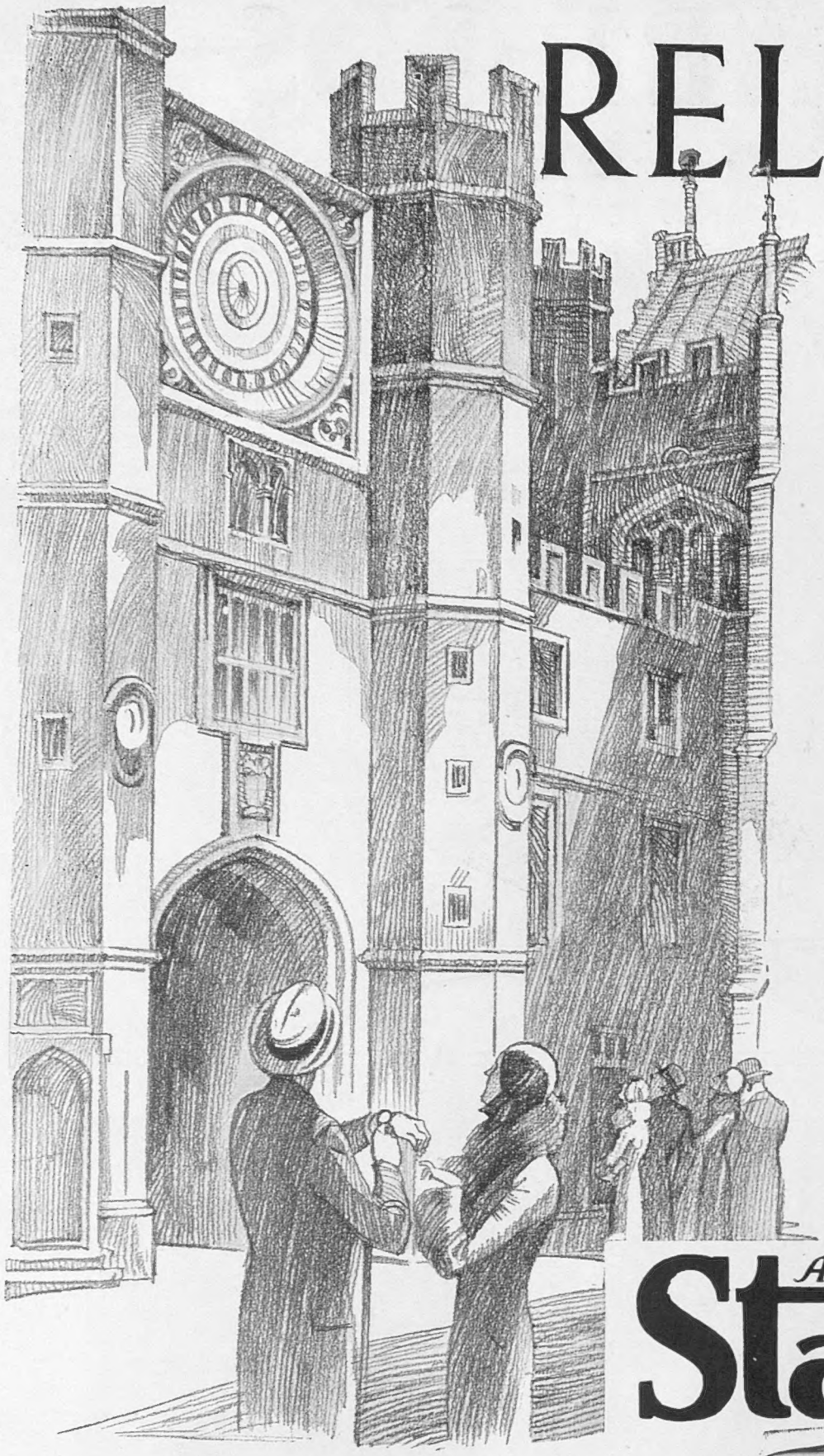
Patterns of Cretonne on request.
Other prices in accordance with necessary size.



RELIABILITY

RELIABILITY is not a showy quality, but it is one which a man requires most in a friend or a car—anything which he expects to serve him unfailingly.

If, in time of strain, the friend or the car fails him, he can never repose his trust in them again in the same measure.

Thus, a chain being no stronger than its weakest link, a friend must never waver in loyalty: the most inconspicuous part of a car must be flawless.

That is perhaps the secret of the popularity of the Standard — *Reliability.*

Every adjective in the dictionary has been overworked in the motor car advertisement — "reliable" perhaps most of all.

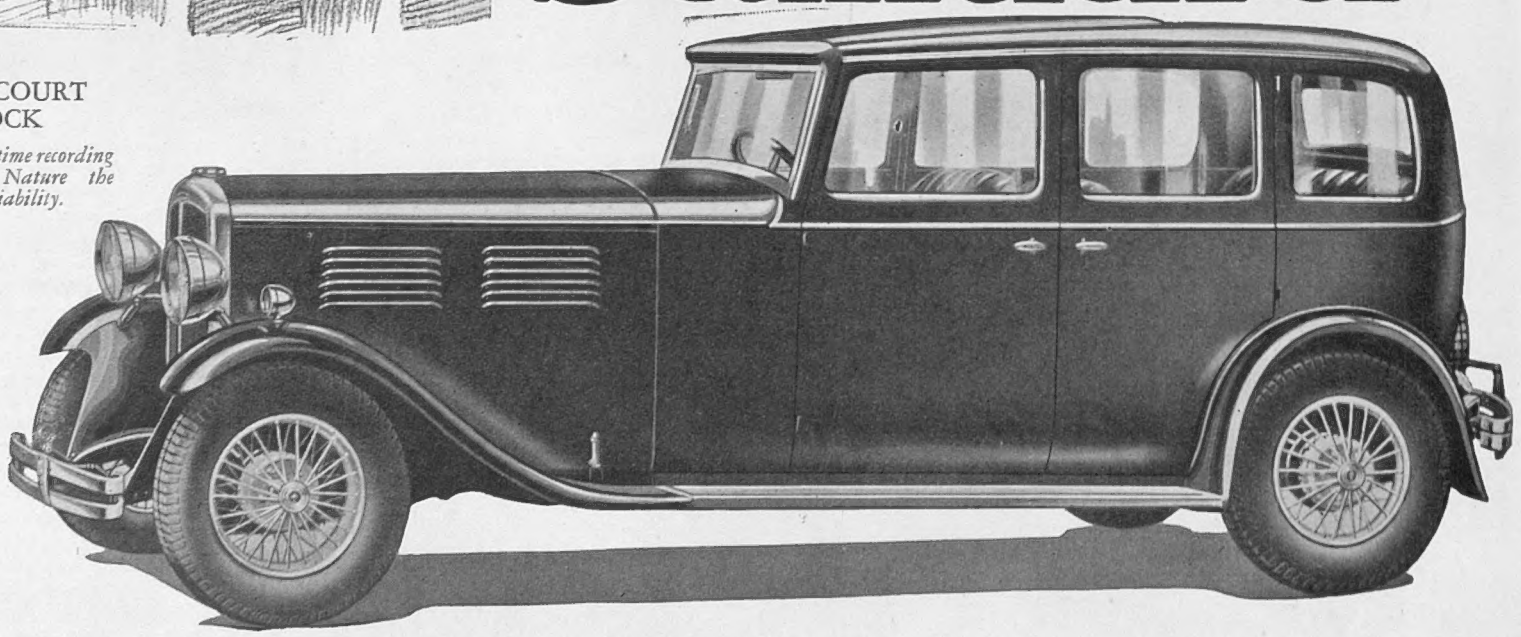
Standard cars, because of the intense care taken in the selection of detail and the making of every part, whether hidden from view or not, are of necessity reliable; every part and unit of the car is inspected and tested. That is why your car should be a Standard.

HAMPTON COURT
SUN CLOCK

A notable example of time recording that secured from Nature the essential virtue of reliability.

All-British

Standard



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"ENVOY"
Six Cylinder Half-Panelled Saloon
£385

"ENSIGN" SIX
Six Cylinder Saloons—as illustrated
£245 £275 £285

"BIG NINE"
Four Cylinder Saloons
From £195—£255

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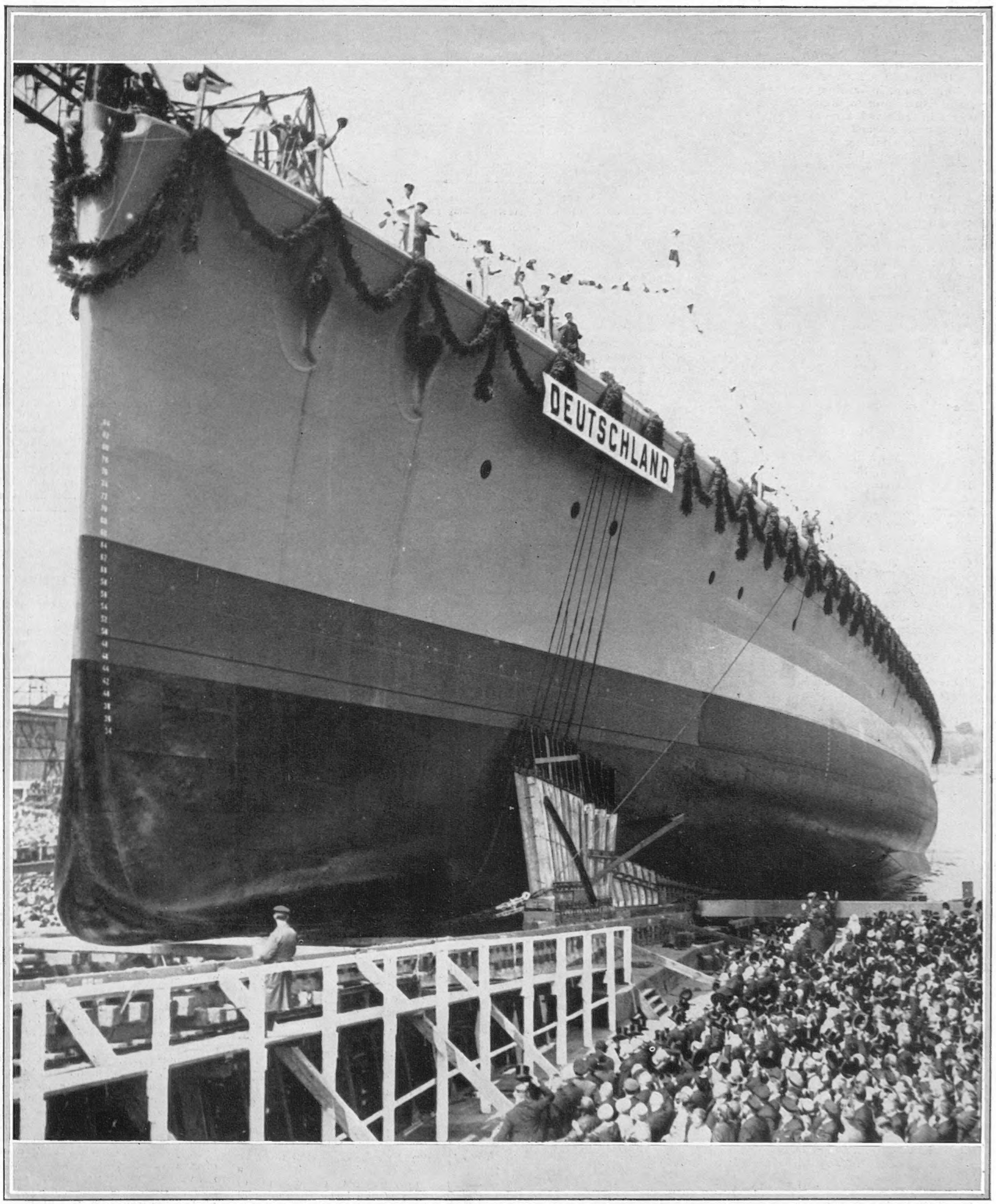
THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
Volume CXXV No. 1635
Price One Shilling, Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d. }
London, May 23, 1931



The Launch of the German

POCKET BATTLESHIP

which was Christened by Accident when Afloat

Above is seen Germany's first post-war battleship, the *Deutschland* (known, while building, as the *Ersatz Preussen)*, the £4,000,000 vessel with a speed of 26 knots, a cruising radius of 18,000 miles, and an armament of six 11 in. guns, four 3.46 anti-aircraft guns, and six torpedo tubes, all united in a ship of 10,000 tons. Her launching, by a workman's error, preceded her christening by President von Hindenburg, as some wedges were prematurely loosened. The Chancellor, Dr. Brüning, declared at the ceremony:

"What our proud fleet once signified, when a rich and free people created it, is unforgettable. To-day we are poor, but we know that the same loyalty to duty, the same courage, and the same inventive genius will bring our fleet to high efficiency within the limits of treaties which we are loyally fulfilling. The nation had now shown the world that despite the restrictions imposed upon it, and despite the severe economic distress, it had found the strength to safeguard peace and to protect its honour. The suffering of the past few years had not changed the character of the people, which was peace-loving, but proud."

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, May 20, 1931

My Tame Prophet.—Three or four times a year an anonymous prophet (sex unknown) addresses me from Boston, U.S.A., a review of international politics rather on Vernon Bartlett lines. But whereas Vernon Bartlett is pleasantly humble, my prophet is almost irritatingly sure of himself. Because I don't like to risk shattering my faith in my anglophile correspondent, I destroy his papers when read. His last review written in April covers events in Spain, India, Egypt, and America, and boils down to this: The present unrest in India and Egypt is the greatest proof of our wonderful genius for educating and moulding backward nations. Having acquired through our high-minded and prudent treatment a splendid vigour and appetite, these once disintegrated and down-trodden peoples naturally bite the first juicy morsel, the hand that fed them. We must look for trouble in Egypt in May. As for Spain, Alfonso will never get back. Victim of priests and grandees, that clung too long to the privileges, and neglected the responsibilities of a rotten feudalism, his day is over. But Spain's revolution is to be a bloody one. The present Republican Government will be soon swept away and the Syndicalists will take charge, ruling with an iron hand, persecuting priests and aristocrats. France and Italy will quarrel over Spain's possessions in North Africa which Mussolini designs to seize. Then the whole Iberian peninsula will burst into flames of Communism and the great estates of Church and nobles will be parcelled up. A few more years and monarchy will return to Spain in the person of Prince Juan, the Dartmouth cadet. He will be a constitutional king, with strong guarantees in a new Constitution assuring effective powers to the Cortes. As for America, we over here have no idea how alarmed the Americans are at Soviet Russia's clever dumping of goods in U.S.A. Unemployment continues to increase. President Hoover is unpopular, largely owing to his ineptitude as a public speaker. Clear and firm words from the White House are what America demands, but the President cannot put things into plain English, and all he says must perforce be "explained" by his friends. America in 1932 will sweep Hoover clean out of the White House, and will set in his place the present Governor of New York State, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Democrat, Episcopalian, Gentleman, and Statesman. He will stay there eight years. Thus spake the prophet, and really he is going strong.

Airship Policy.—The Government's middle course in regard to the future of lighter-than-air machines commends itself to all parties and even to all schools of flying thought. Let us be honest about it. The loss of *R 101 has* called a halt to our enthusiasm for pioneering in this sphere. It was a knock-out blow from which we have not yet rallied. Let us be fair to the public. It was not they who cried out for fancy bread and circuses and sent gallant men to their death in producing them. Spectacular airship flights were pressed untimely forward because the Air Ministry, and through it the experts, believed that the nation and the Empire clamoured for visible proof of progress. Which is not the same thing. We have now compromised all round—and rightly. To scrap the Cardington personnel implied distress and disappointment to an efficient and well-trained body of men. To let *R 100* rot in her shed meant the abandonment of a valuable store of knowledge and experience, and not improbably the necessity one day to begin again from the beginning, leaving to our competitors a start in the race which nothing could make up. As the compromise stands, we shall even now be able to benefit by the garnered experience of Germany and America, who for the moment are in a better posture to continue the study of this not fully proved form of transport. We have compromised without loss of honour and the Nation heaves a sigh of relief.

A Thicker Fog.—The text of the Finance Bill does nothing to dispel the fog which lies over Mr. Snowden's land tax proposals. It is Mr. George's smoke screen over again, and it is pitiful to think of the time and energy which will be wasted in committee over this measure of party tactics when the country stands in dire need of the united good will and clear thinking of all parties in devising sound legislation to steer us through our present plight. Nothing could be more obscure than the tabulated explanation of Mr. Snowden's "tardy act of justice." Indeed only one thing emerges. It is one of those acts of justice which will for ever hold up to contempt the name of justice. It mocks the high ideals of Socialism. The heritage of green spaces in great cities which has been a chief attraction in every Socialist Utopia is to be taxed apparently out of existence, to become the jerry builder's paradise and his victim's hell. The blow aimed at the "idle rich" will fall heaviest on the wretched middle classes. The small shopkeeper is apparently to be frozen alike out of his business and his recreation. The logic of printed facts leads to a score of absurd anomalies. That the measure will never become law in anything like its present form, is small consolation. Time, money, and energy are all to be sacrificed to a mean device to make party capital with an eye to the next General Election.

A PRECARIOUS LUNCH: Workmen employed on the new building of the County Hall enjoying their mid-day meal on girders swung high above the river and facing the tower of St. Stephen's

France's Choice.—It is said that France fears to have a strong man at the head. As to that one may reply that the position of President of the Republic confers very limited opportunities for the exercise of power, and that M. Doumer is by no means a mere figurehead. As President of the Senate, M. Doumer revealed notable characteristics, good ability, strong character, judicial gifts, and considerable dignity. He is ambitious and has reached his present position because he meant to win it and left nothing to chance. He has been getting there for years. And though the position of President is not an autocratic one, a strong man at the Elysée has opportunities denied to politicians. He has an assurance of seven years' permanence in a country where a minister's probability of life is about seven weeks and, in the council of Ministers, his opinion carries the extra weight of authority conferred obliquely by the voice of the Nation. M. Briand's yea and nay have done him no service and may still prove a misfortune of the deepest to Europe. The sinister influence of M. Caillaux is observed in M. Briand's ill-advised tactics. But if, as seems now probable, Briand can stay where he is, and where he is to-day indispensable, M. Doumer's election may be very well indeed. If France and Europe were at this juncture to lose Briand's experience, his superb calm and strength, the presidential election would be a disaster. Europe is on edge and I am not at all sure that plain speaking is not the best cure just now for this form of hysteria. Briand is not afraid to speak out. The most logical nation on earth reveals herself not seldom as the most petty and irrational at election time.

BOUGHT BY LORD WAKEFIELD AND PRESENTED TO THE NATION: The Howard Grace Cup which has been in the family of the Duke of Norfolk (the leading Roman Catholic house in England) for many generations was sold at Christie's the other day for £11,000. Bought by Lord Wakefield of Hythe, it has been placed in the South Kensington Museum. It is seen above being admired by crowds in its new establishment. The cup is traditionally that of St. Thomas a Becket

A Literary Sensation.—When his German publishers decided to accept Bülow's shrewd scheme of remuneration for his Memoirs—which took the form of life annuities in advance of publication—they no doubt banked on the volumes producing a literary sensation. The Memoirs—the "things he could sell"—are the sort that excite sensations. It was not easy last week to come by a copy of the English translation in the shops, for the ban was put on the sale after the week-end, but of course, advance copies were passing from hand to hand. It is fair to say that Bülow's contribution puts the crown or foolscap on the tendency of of post-War memoirs. One and all have been designed to whitewash either the author or other man, or the cause he has espoused, and almost all have resulted in tarnishing further the reputations it was designed to re-establish or enhance. Bülow has bowled down a third stump with his deadly "sneak." He has bowled out Bülow, bowled out German policy, and bowled out German Society. There they lie in the dust, the three victims of this "literary sensation." The man stripped of his silk-faced frock-coat and silk-faced culture, the policy, mud and blood-soiled, the nation that lacked tradition pitilessly exposed to the ridicule of its neighbours. Well, the game is over. The umpires will never set up these stumps again. They belong to dead yesterday and the sooner we forget them the better.

Denys Finch-Hatton.—Denys Finch-Hatton's tragic death at Voi removes from the scene of his usefulness a very strong character and fine personality. He made his home in British East soon after he left Oxford, and he has been a good friend to the wild life of one of the last strongholds of big game. He loathed the big game hunting snob, and the record-making safari. After the Prince's East African tour I gave details in THE SPHERE—details furnished me by one of the Prince's staff—of Finch-Hatton's brilliant organization and control of the Prince's safari, and of his knowledge of wild life and his coolness in several critical situations. He it was who awakened in the Prince a dislike for killing and a preference for photographic record. He was a born leader, and the Prince suffered himself to be guided by this proved white hunter. My first memory of him was of a huge, good-looking boy throwing his weight in the wall game at Eton. I was with him at Oxford, and I have a vivid picture of him on the last green at Huntercombe, partnering his elder brother, "Maisie," and calmly sinking a five-yard putt to snatch a doubtful victory and a modest stake. He was always calm, almost Olympian, and he never went with the crowd. He knew his own mind. It was inevitable that he should take to flying. In his job and in that country flying is a necessity. When the toll of the air is counted, 1930 and 1931 will claim a terrible and I hope an unbeaten record in destruction of our best and bravest.

Crime.—In spite of the sinister increase in crime since the War as revealed by Home Office statistics, and in the face of our recollection of at least eight notorious unsolved murders committed in the past decade, there is good reason to believe that serious crime is on the decrease despite the desperate state of employment, and that detection and prevention of crime is improving. The north must carry the stigma of the largest increase in serious crime. In the south, where unemployment is less grave, the increase has been mainly in modern forms of larceny. Smash-and-grab and cat-burglar experts naturally find a more profitable field in the south where luxury shopping centres and vulnerable villa growths are most in evidence. Suicide, needless to say, is ever on the increase. Sir Bernard Spilsbury has been lecturing before the R.U.S. Institution on the detection of crime, and the ingenuities of science in crime detection are cheerful hearing. I could wish that he might have for audience the occupants of our prisons for habitual criminals. For I think he would make their flesh creep. But perhaps he is wiser to confine his confidences to members of the United Services Institution, since in effect he has been showing his hearers how to hoodwink the sleuths.

A Letter from India.—Lord Willingdon had an astonishingly friendly reception in India. The entire absence of hostile demonstration, even the most trivial and impromptu, was remarked on all hands. We in England are apt to regard life in India to-day very much like existence at the foot of an active volcano, an endurance test for taut nerves and pent up tempers, a horrid calm before an inevitable storm. Then we get letters from our friends out there and a breath of the same calm which pervades a Sussex village on a June evening, comes with them. Lord Willingdon, an old friend of India, received a welcome reserved among civilized folk for old friends. And he proved to possess the royal memory fit for an Emperor's representative. Time and again in greeting old friends, he "remembered the old complaint," to the delight and surprise of the rightful owners. A good beginning and a happy augury which the Viceroy's recent conversation with Gandhi seems to bear out.

THE OLD STAGER.

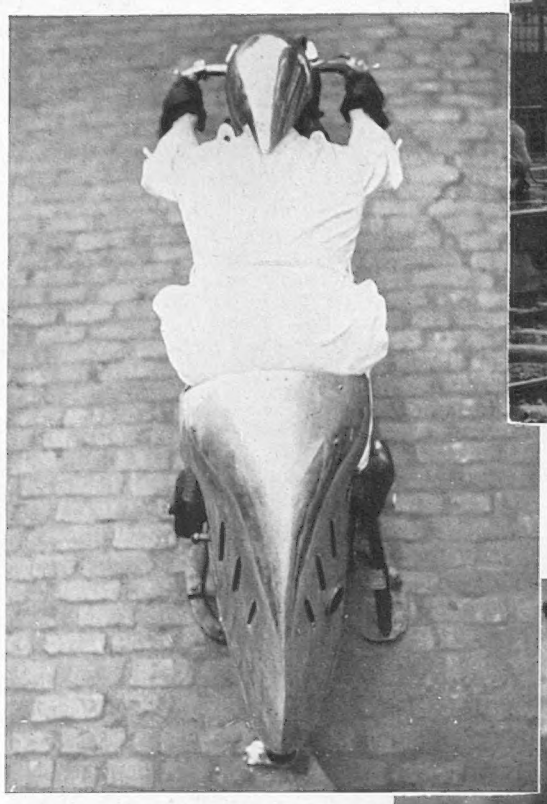
ANIMAL SPIRITS

MOTHER AND CHILD: A massive bison mother and her two-day-old calf at the Zoo. In the picture below is seen paterfamilias, regarding with the stolid benignity characteristic at once of his race and station his latest offspring standing by its mother

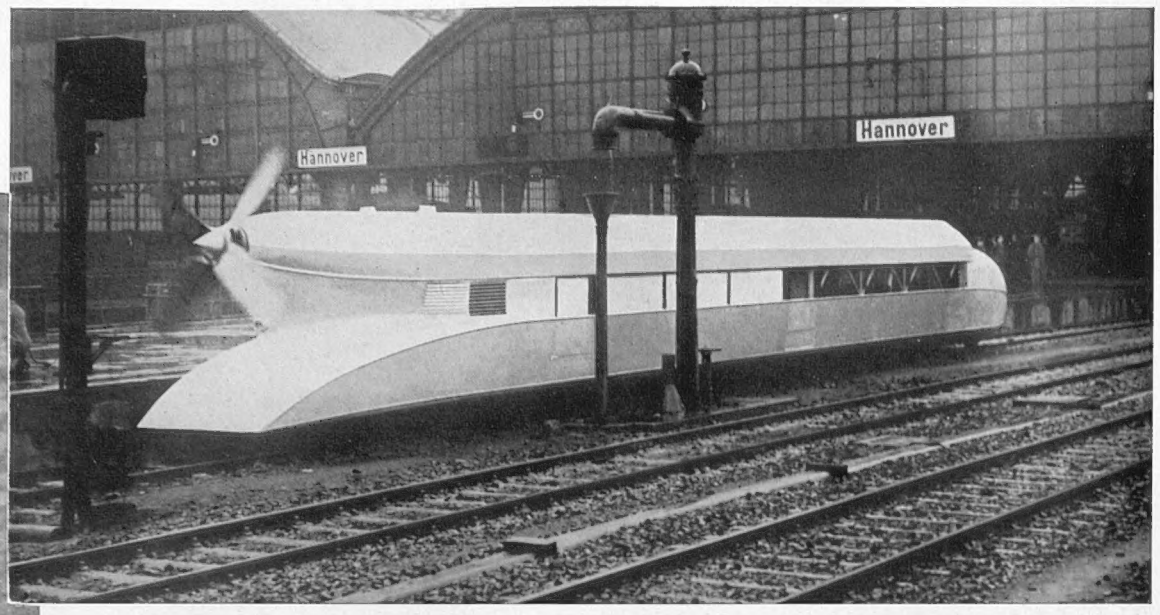
WHIPSNADE BOUND: Jan, the Zoo favourite, breaks the tedium of his journey from London to Whipsnade with a short drink at St. Albans to wash down the buns he had begged from passers-by

AN OLD SUSSEX CUSTOM: The students of Hurstpierpoint College take part in the annual hill climb held on Ascension Day. The tradition consists of running to the highest point of the South Downs—nine hundred feet above sea level—and the singing in Latin of a hymn on arrival at the summit. The choir is thereafter presented with the "Lowes Dole"—a bequest left by Canon Lowes. The boys are seen above struggling up the steep slope

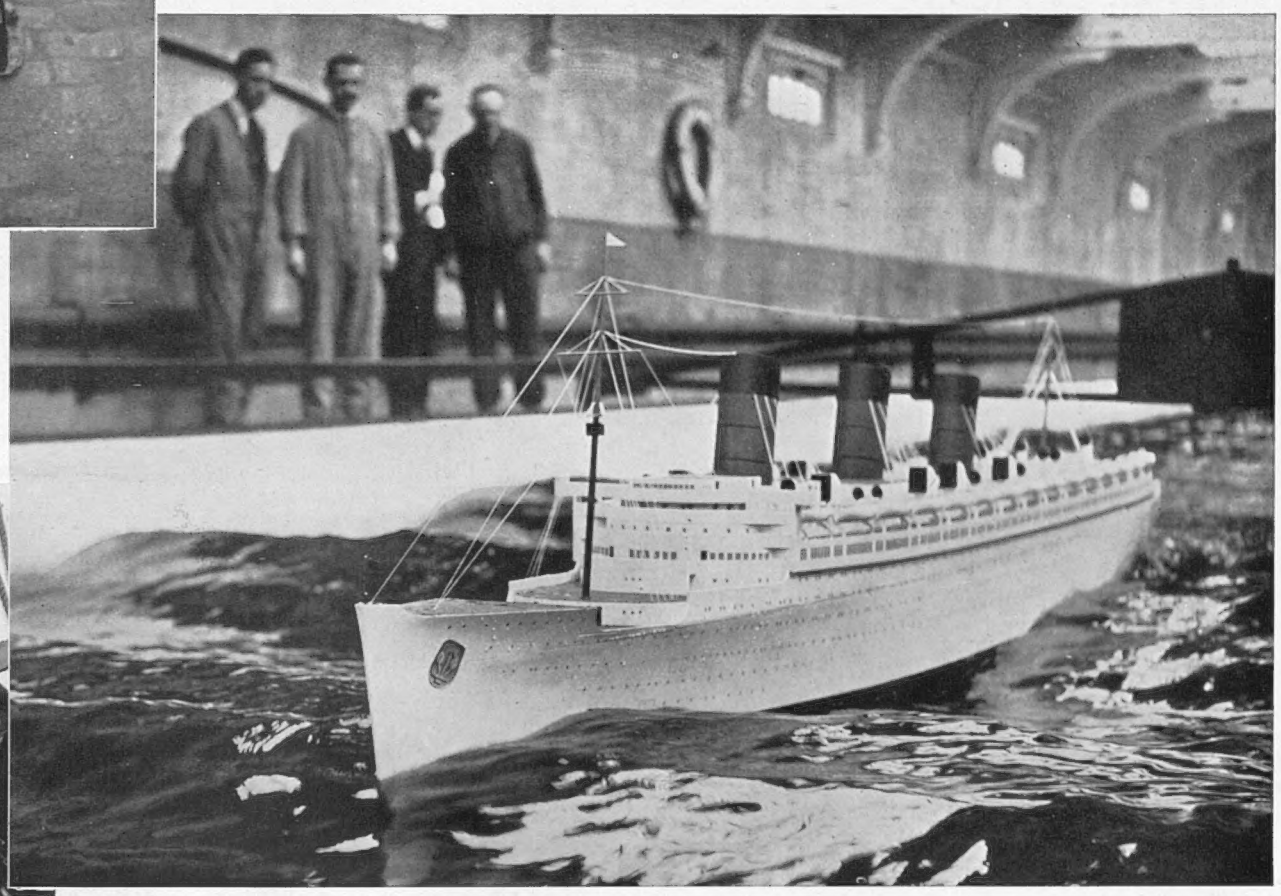
MECHANICS
of the Current Week



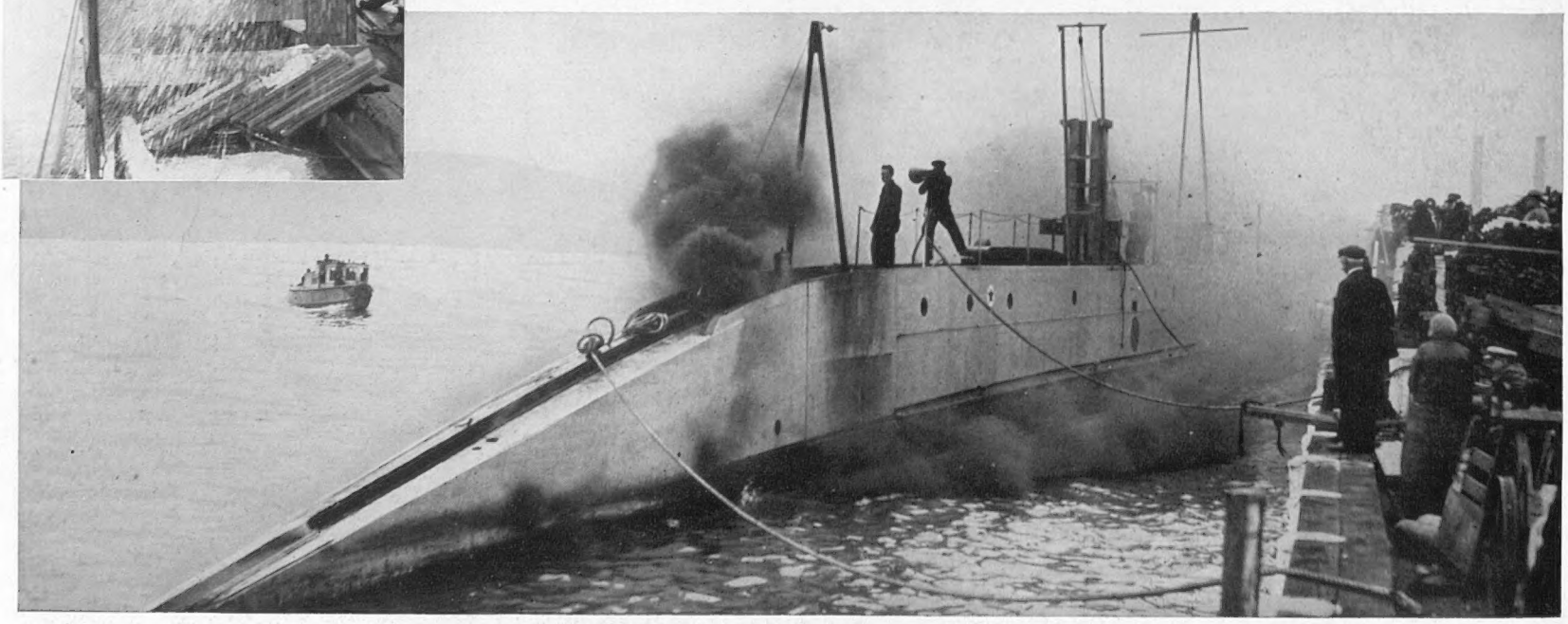
STREAMLINE: The new motor-cycle built to attempt the record of 150.75 m.p.h. held by Mr. J. Wright. It was designed by Messrs. A. W. Bruce and Irving, and was ridden by Arthur Simcock, who adopted a streamlined crash-helmet. It is hoped the cycle will touch 200 m.p.h.



"THE ZEPPELIN ON WHEELS": A new trial held at Hanover of the remarkable new transport device. The car has room for forty passengers and is fitted with a 500-h.p. motor and a four-bladed propellor. It developed 128 m.p.h., eclipsing the 95 m.p.h. it produced on its trial last October. The new device is seen above on the railway lines just outside Hanover station



AN ATLANTIC GALE IN A TANK: The 18-ft. scale model of the great Cunarder now building at Clydebank has been subjected to tests in a huge tank in John Brown's yard. A new device produces waves regulated to gale force while the model dashes at speed up and down. She is seen above fighting a 60-knot gale while experts check her results by electricity



WHERE SMOKE DOES NOT MEAN FIRE: Despite appearances, the submarine *Nautilus*, in which the Wilkins Expedition will attempt its sub-glacial journey to the pole, is not on fire. The smoke is emanating from the engine-room during one of the strict and arduous tests to which the intrepid leader and his crew have put the ship to which they will trust their hopes and lives. *Inset above on left* is Mr. Simon Lake, the inventor of the ice-drill installed on board the *Nautilus*. This device will enable members of the crew to bore their way upward through the thick polar ice-crust to admit the entrance of air into the vessel and to permit members of the crew to climb to the frozen surface

CHURCH *and* STATE *put to fire in* SPAIN

FLAMES FOR THE ORTHODOX: The Carmelite Convent in Madrid fired by the populace. The inevitable course of revolution is to rebel first against Royalty and secondly against the Church

THE ANGER OF THE MOB against any traditional form of authority, laical or clerical, has in the past few weeks been given free rein in Madrid. Convents and monasteries have been fired—a feature paralleled in the two great revolutions of recent history, in France and Russia

THE COURSE OF REVOLUTION: The edifice of the Fathers of Christian Doctrine at Quatrie-Caininos fired by the mob

REGNUM TERRORIS: Crowds watching the Jesuit College in Grand Via Madrid burn after its firing by the mob. Inset above on right, *the Jesuit Monastery in Calle de la Flor is seen undergoing destruction. It is stated that Republican opinion in Spain is anxious to charge King Alfonso with the inspiration of the recent outbreaks ascribing to him the desire to overthrow or discredit the Republican Government. Students of history will, however, find no need to credit the King with the dubious actions of a Machiavellian* agent provocateur, *but will find in the rioting the natural and logical—almost the inevitable—concomitant of Revolution*

FRANCE'S New PRESIDENT: How the News Came

by JOSSLEYN HENNESSY

WAITING AT VERSAILLES: The moment the news came Mr. Hennessy and his friend were driven madly by their chauffeur after the President

As you prop your newspaper against the marmalade over breakfast, and read the exciting events that have happened the world over while you slept, do you ever wonder how it is that "Our Special Correspondent" is always on the spot when kings arrive incognito or troops are called out to quell riots? Believe me, it is not by accident: his arrival at the critical moment is always due to his ability to act on a hint dropped unwittingly, and, without arousing the suspicions of officials or, worse still, rival colleagues, to get his news written and telephoned before his paper has gone to press.

This is the story of a hint dropped and taken, of the careful planning and exciting events that followed.

Before the French presidential election I heard that inner French police circles had strong suspicions of a plot to assassinate M. Briand if he were elected. I passed the tip on to my friend James of *The Morning Telegram*. Obviously we must have a fast car and follow the President the whole way back to Paris. So on the morning of May 13 we set off for Versailles in a "slinkly" stream-line Hispano.

The forest of St. Cloud on our way down swarmed with mounted men at arms. For not one

AWAITING THE NEWS: Members of the public outside the Palace of Versailles

single moment were we out of sight of *agents* (as the police are popularly called in Paris), who eyed our swift passage keenly. Already at this early stage of a day on roads not meant for Brooklands speeds a suspicion of our chauffeur's driving dawned, and as the day wore on we discovered him incapable of anything but a pusillanimous caution fitfully alternating with a recklessness achieved only by the more fanatical ghazis and half-witted eaters of hashish. Now he was shooting down the alleys of the forest close on sixty miles an hour. We didn't want to get into trouble with the police before our day's work was begun, but gaily crying "N'ayez pas peur!" he took no notice of our crescendo orders to go *doucement*, until we finally shook him into a growlsome contempt for our apparent fears.

On arrival at the Place d'Armes before the Palace of Versailles our first thought was to park our car in a place good for a speedy get-away. Our second was to get the President's route from an indiscreet police official, for to follow his car back to Paris was easier said than done, roads would be closed, and one of several routes might be taken. The *agents*, unfortunately for us, were discretion itself.

Sunlit Versailles was packed with steel-helmeted troops, and within five minutes of our arrival we noticed two soldiers carrying a case of live cartridges, a detail which symbolized the tension in which the whole day was passed; the authorities were thoroughly on the look-out for trouble.

In the course of the afternoon we learnt that the result would be known about 8.30, so in the interval we took the car out to try to discover which routes round Versailles were guarded and which were clear. After patiently driving up and down endless side streets we found that all those guarded converged on a point on the road to Paris which was the apex of a triangle with the Palace of Versailles along its base. The secret of the President's route was revealed to us.

We drove back to the Press entrance of the Palace and told our chauffeur to wait in his original place on the other side of the Place d'Armes. James went sleuthing on private news researches of his own, while I wandered round watching the crowds on the hot dust-driven *place*. Towards 6.30 I crossed to where we had left the car and was greeted at 20 yards range by the very articulately-excited chauffeur, who told me that the *place* had been finally closed to all traffic, and that an impassable cordon lay between our car and Paris. My heart sank! Should we be left at the post champing impotently when the President started off? Would another paper "scoop" the assassination? This was agony, for James might not turn up until the very moment for our get-away. However he arrived a few minutes later, and handing the chauffeur his National Assembly Press card and *coupe file* ordered him to bring the Hispano back at all costs. In the moments that followed James suddenly went quite pale. "My God!" he gasped, "if that lunatic doesn't return—he's got my Press card!—I can't get back into the Palace for the result!" Feeling equally alarmed inside me, I tried to disperse James' agitated visions of being forced to rely on rumour for the news, and his paper announcing the election of a completely wrong President. To our unspeakable relief, the car appeared round the corner after an anxious quarter-of-an-hour.

"Result at 8.30," James snapped, as he left me for the last time. "Have that car facing Paris—engine running; they'll probably shut an unexpected route at the last minute—scout round—see if y'can spot the way."

I left reconnaissance as late as I dared and at 8.10 went off the way we should have started to Paris: the road was barred! I turned back and, detouring widely, reached the apex of the triangle previously discovered. Thence I raced back to our rendezvous with the information that not until some minutes after the President had passed would the road be opened.

Suddenly bursts of cheering were heard in the stillingly close twilight. Three thousand troops clashed their arms. A long pale green Renault slid slowly past with the bowing President Doumer. Four official cars followed with a half-dozen *agents* on motor-cycles playing up and down the procession as it disappeared from the *place*.

Immediately a scramble for the hundreds of parked cars began and I exulted to note that they were all pushing and hooting down the street which I knew to be barred. After what seemed hours but was actually about four minutes, James came running up. There followed a frantic minute in which we headed our car against the stream going down the barred street. Brazenly we drove the other reversing and vituperating cars to the wall and scraped a way through.

Once in the deserted side streets we began the craziest, most terrifying drive upon which I shudder to look back. Our speed was such that we reached our point on the main road just as the presidential procession—with four minutes start—was disappearing from sight. The *agents*, mistaking our magnificent Hispano for an official car that had lagged behind, let us through! Too late they realized their mistake and blew their whistles—we were on and away.

"Catch up the President!" we screamed to the chauffeur.

Blockhead! He obeyed us literally and, his ghazi side flaring deliriously, cut in front of the police cars and entangled us in an angrily buzzing swarm of motor cycle *agents*. Their menacing gesticulations so paralysed what little intelligence he had that he merely kept his foot down on the gas. The thought flashed through me that they would think us the expected assassins and start shooting. In this nightmare I could not think of the French for "Pull in to the right, get into the procession"—for we were racing side by side with the official cars, whose chauffeurs also were all shouting furiously at us. James finally made the fool grasp what we wanted and we dropped into place.

The headlights of the cars made fantastic shadows in the lacework of the enclosing forest, and revealed at intervals mounted police at the salute.

"They remain at the salute for us too!" shouted James, and we both exploded into hysterical laughter. Here and there rearing chargers frightened at the streaming headlights seemed seized with the same madness that was running in our veins. Once we somehow took a wrong turning—my impressions of that drive are by no means clear—and lost the President.

For a few seconds above St. Cloud the whole of Paris lay glittering in the darkness below us, and then the great Hispano rocketed down the narrow winding hill into the suburb at a sickening speed. Suddenly our headlights lit up the President's pale green car ahead of us again. We were now going along the streets with all their brightly lit cafés overflowing with cheering crowds. Over the Seine, gleaming blue-black, and into the Bois de Boulogne we sped, where dozens of other cars joined us from all sides, shaving each other dangerously like flotsam and jetsam in a roaring torrent.

FRANCE AND THE WORLD: M. Briand, who withdrew his candidature, and M. Laval, the Premier

At the Porte Dauphine the police stopped us to let a squadron of cavalry close in and move off at the trot behind the President. In vain James got out, and brandishing every official looking document including his income-tax demands—that he possessed tried to get us through. The police explained that we could follow once an interval of three hundred metres had been attained. A minute later, with a rising zoom, hundreds of cars closed up the official gap between them and the cavalry, and for a moment it looked as though the horses terrified by the roar behind them would break in disorganized waves over the presidential car.

Our unspeakable chauffeur now, in the last half mile of our journey, succeeded in making all his previous attempts at manslaughter and suicide seem harmless futilities. The Champs Elysées was lined with a densely packed crowd held back by a cordon of *agents*. Having dinned into his head that he must hug the right curb, what must he do but knock one of them over! We lay back silent and overcome, while he and the *agent* engaged in picturesque exchanges. Our luck was with us indeed that day, for after a final objurgation he let us go on. Promptly the madman at the wheel pushed the gas hard down and we swerved round motors and wobbling cyclists until somehow we found a cordon of cavalry giving way before our onrush, and the President having turned left to the Elysée we were in the empty deserts of the Place de la Concorde!

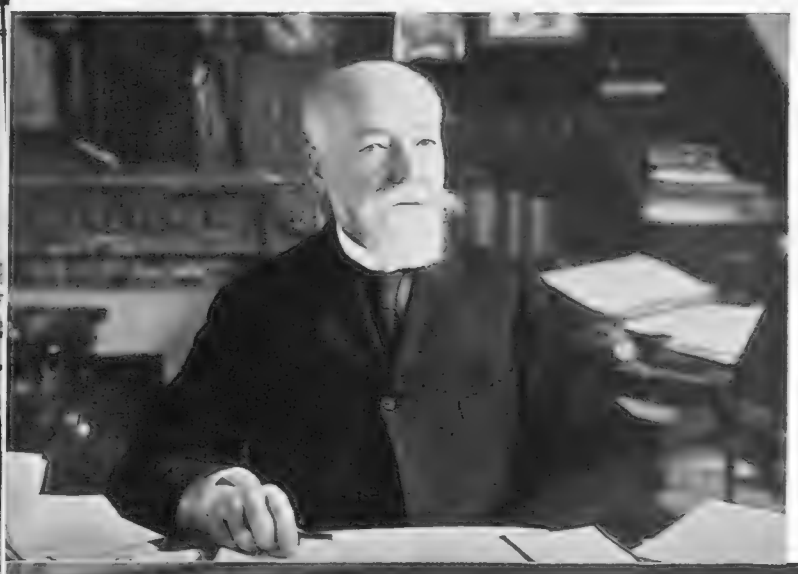
Ordinary reasonable beings would then have gone broken in spirit to bed—but even if James had no presidential or (no thanks to our chauffeur) civil assassination to report he had other news to get on to your breakfast table, so without a moment's pause his pen covered the sheets, and in the measured estimate of the political significance of M. Briand's dismissal which you all read in *The Morning Telegram* a few hours later, there was no hint of the strenuous moments he had been through to *get you the news*.

FRENCH GALLANTRY: M. Paul Boncour abandons State affairs for a very Gallic moment

The ELECTION of the FRENCH PRESIDENT

ON GUARD: The 3,000 cavalry ranked in the courtyard of Versailles owing to the rumour that an attempt at assassination would follow M. Briand's potential election to the Presidency

THE PERMIT: The famous gate at Versailles behind which is the Congress Hall, guarded by sentinels inspecting passes



THE ELECTORAL URN: Herein were cast the votes that assured the President of the Senate, M. Doumer, his victory. He defeated M. Marraud by 504 votes to 334 at the second ballot

THE ELECTION: The electors recorded their votes by dropping them into a special urn used for the purpose. The election was triangular, but M. Hennessy received only fifteen votes. M. Briand withdrew after the first ballot at which the figures were: M. Doumer (seen above inset on right) 442; M. Briand 401

A LAST LOOK ROUND

Activities of Royal Brothers and Sister: Sporting Events: North London Flooded

MEDALS FOR LIFE-BOAT HEROES: The Prince of Wales, as President of the R.N.L.I., presided at the annual meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster, when he presented medals to life-boat heroes of the past year. Mrs. Donkin, aged 73, is seen above on the platform; she was awarded the Gold Brooch for her services in raising funds

PRIZES FROM A ROYAL HAND: Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, presents the colours to the County of London Red Cross Society at the Duke of York's headquarters, Chelsea

VENICE, LONDON: The astonishing scene at the Nag's Head Junction, Holloway, when a huge water-main burst, throwing volumes of water high into the air and flooding the road

THE VICTIM OF A CRASH: An early portrait of the Hon. D. Finch-Hatton, who accompanied the Prince of Wales in Africa, and crashed in his Moth near Voi, Kenya

THE TINY PRIZEWINNER: Little Marise Fraser enjoys her great moment at the Ladies' Kennel Association Show at Olympia when she passes with her prize-winning Pekinese puppy before H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester

THE FIRST COURT OF THE SEASON: Miss Brazier in play during the Surbiton tournament—the first of the great lawn tennis tournaments (on grass) of the 1931 season

IN THE PARLIAMENTARY GOLF MATCH: Lord Hampden (left) and Mr. G. Gibson participating in the annual tournament for the Parliamentary Golf Cup at Walton Heath

THE DRAMATIC RACE FOR EAST PRUSSIA

By FERDINAND TUOHY

In order to acquire something of the flavour of German feeling about the Polish Corridor, now engaging attention at Geneva with the accusation that Poland has deliberately gone against the Versailles Treaty by failing to sustain Dantzig in her once-greatness, you might picture, say, Cornwall and Devon sundered from the United Kingdom's economic system by foreigners slipping in between us and them; also their own economic inter-relationship hopelessly compromised, and this south-western projection of England steadily depopulating, wasting away, as a result. Let us say France has done this, and that she is piling Bretons across the stricken territories, colonizing these against time with a view to their eventual absorption "on the ground of realities." And that we, for our part, are standing by, beaten and bound but determined never to lose Devon and Cornwall, mobilizing a nation's will to join hands with them again, and meanwhile claimant of the world's attention to what is happening.

I am naturally not suggesting there is ethnological or any other parallel betwen Devon and Cornwall and East Prussia; I have merely indulged a geographical fantasy which may bring out in more vivid relief the real, the more pressing drama of the Polish Corridor. East Prussia is being relentlessly submerged by this fine flower of Versailles wisdom. Perhaps in less than a decade, should things continue on their present course, the home of the Teutonic knights, of Kant, of Hindenburg, this once-sturdy agrarian rampart of Eastern Germany, will have faded as such and be on the way to incorporation in a Baltic federation under Polish hegemony. I said "perhaps." Because there is not a man, woman, or child in Germany—no, not even of the *Rotfront*—but is kindled to passion by the race that is on: the race to absorb or to save East Prussia. For that is the true inwardness of the situation. Also, where the case differs from Alsace-Lorraine of the past. Heaven knows the French felt sufficiently burningly about these wrenched provinces. But they had their time to plan and to consort for their recovery one day. Germany enjoys no such latitude. In view of what is all-too-visibly supervening, she must get results before Polish smothering goes too far.

The race is in full swing. The Poles, so innocent, so uncovetous, so helpful, watching the tide encroaching, encroaching on the island survival it has been decreed shall fade out—their work—a smile comes at the thought. ("Nothing can stop things. Time is all that is needed.") And the Germans every day of the year more determined that it shall not be; that this old hearth of German learning and courage, this legendary bastion against the demi-Asiatic, shall be saved to the Fatherland.

East Prussia was a Polish province for two hundred years? It was; but even after that still counted more Germans than Poles. And for a century and a half following, until 1918, it was German, and if the principle of handing back everything to people who once chanced to be possessors, in the dim past and as likely as not also by conquest, were to receive universal sanction. . . .

Incongruous rubbish, dead as a door-nail in the current world, and which never should have been allowed to go half as far as it did back in 1919. Ready excuse for grabbing the fruit of others' effort as put up through generations. . . .

In one sentence, the Polish view is that East Prussia is not any longer a domestic part of the Reich, which must be kept intimately wrapt with the latter, but a German colony, to be contemplated as such, as a definitely separated entity. On this basis the Poles have answer for much that is being done under *das Polentum*—the latter yet another example of the objectionable Nationalist disorder of wanting to extend one's culture and writ over neighbouring lands, as with others, in 1914.

Backed thus far to the hilt by the yet dictatorial French, Polish policy in relation to East Prussia is governed more by the strategical factor than the economic. Most things the Poles do by the Vistula is with an eye to possible war, east or west or both. To one who knows the Poles this ready challenge to the fates is not a little surprising. My memory of them during many months of War corresponding in 1914–15 was not exactly that here was material which would again attain sixteenth-century heights. Sad, but much water had flowed since then, a race crushed under. Lord D'Abernon recently suggested that the Polish soldier remains an entirely unknown quantity, his repelling of the Bolsheviks in 1920 having been the greatest military farce in history, a matter of battlefields being quitted, as you might say, by arrangement, to avoid such a horrid thing as the shedding of blood. It is so that the French are commencing, perhaps a trifle belatedly for so supposedly intelligent a people, to weigh up the potential military merits of some of those upon whom they might have to count. On paper Poland can offer 3,800,000 men on mobilization. But what men?

However, to proceed. If war came with Germany, East Prussia would be vital. In German hands it would enable the Reich (given arms, of course) to swoop down on the Poles as well as attacking them from the west and south-west; while Germany could close in on the Corridor in a twinkling from Pomerania and East Prussia. Conversely, did the Poles manage to reduce East Prussia clean away to a weakling vassal, there would be an end to the formidable threat presented by this truncated province. Dmowski and Grabski (distressing name) wanted it entire of Woodrow Wilson, the former observing, "You must either leave the Corridor to Germany so that East Prussia may live, or give East Prussia as well to Poland in order that she may dispose of the seaboard imperative to a great Power." Denied her desideratum at Versailles, Poland hopes to secure it by fostering the anæmia from which East Prussia is increasingly suffering. Now let us consider this anæmia; with preface that this article has nothing to do with the rights or wrongs of the Polish Corridor. As Mr. Wickham Steed has written, ". . . at Dantzig there is the German eighteenth-century map showing that the Corridor existed then as it exists now, and had long existed without being thought intolerable. If an independent Polish State was to be assured 'a free and secure access to the sea,' some sort of Corridor was indispensable; and nobody can deny that the present Corridor is 'indisputably Polish' since its inhabitants always returned Polish representatives to German Parliaments."

The Corridor is a story in itself; I am dealing here exclusively with the plight of East Prussia and what lies behind it.

East Prussia before the War counted 2,000,000 population and was a great exporter of timber, grain, agriculture, cattle, torpedoes, bricks, cigars, while it was also a great naval and military territory of spending garrisons. The cigars, occupying 5,000 girls at Elbing, appear alone to survive as a going concern. East Prussia has been verily smitten right and left. Forgetting about Versailles surgery for the moment, the once-great Russia market has completely atrophied; nor should it ever return, with such things as the Five Year Plan in the wind. The newly-formed cluster of Baltic States, formerly constituting another valuable customer, is either hidden away behind tariff walls or broke or both. The free port of Dantzig is in a seemingly mortal decline. (The Poles parade increased shipping figures, but fail to mention that purely trade-in-transit has replaced a commerce which once benefited the surrounding country.) Turning to the surgical side, the province of East Prussia and Dantzig has been cut into four parts which have been placed under four different authorities; furthermore, tariff walls have appeared, completely rupturing the natural economic unity which prevailed in this quarter. Two of these units of partition, Pomerania (become Polish) and that part of West Prussia which has also become Polish, were East Prussia's main props in trade, commerce, and industry. To-day hardly a pfennig passes. Finally, East Prussia, despite Polish claims that its economic relations with the rest of Germany are expedited across the Corridor, has lost her hold on the (chiefly) Berlin market. Apart from there being no direct channel for export, the Poles are so much nearer Berlin and can undersell the East Prussians on account of the absurd wages Polish labour accepts. And, as if to crown all, do not the Poles now offer, having gained the fertile fields, precisely the same products, chiefly agricultural, as the isolated East Prussians? The net is well about the latter. A symbol of it you may find in the Vistula. This great waterway once bore untold timber to the sea. (I recollect in War time, the scores of timber bridges the Grand Duke was able to throw across, on female labour at 4d. a day, and how the ice, flowing down, would smash those bridges.) The Poles have calculatingly permitted the Vistula, now entirely in their hands save for a contact-point four yards wide at Kurzebrack and which has been allotted to East Prussia, to silt up with sand so that it has become unnavigable.

For strategic reasons they also recently destroyed the great bridge at Münsterwalde, the only passage in sixty miles, deciding that Thorn was the proper place for this. In each case the effect has been to conduct towards the goal striven for: the weakening away of East Prussia. Is it to be wondered at that a glowing cult is arising in Germany in the latter's behalf—replete with the trimmings made so familiar to us by the French between 1871 and 1914? At present the Germans pay, pay, to maintain even the hold they have on the dismembered land. Koenigsberg lives largely on credit supplied by the Reich; the deadness of this 300,000 city to-day, brought about by the littleness of men, ironically recalls that it was the home of pure reason.

The Polish Corridor and East Prussia

The growing stagnation of East Prussia since the Armistice has carried the obvious: a flight from it at the estimated rate of 80,000 German-born a year. It would be wrong (as I have touched upon) to lay this exodus entirely at the door of Versailles. Having lived considerably by the sword, East Prussia languishes in a measure for the lack of it. At Pillau half the fleets of the world used to be repaired. A majority of those terrors, Prussian N.C.O.'s, had homes in East Prussia and have them no longer. The province supplied all the remounts to the army. Such things must be remembered. And others. The Soviet's clamping down of 100 per cent. Protection. The refusal of Young Germany to continue on the land in so harsh a climate for so small a return, its joining in the rush to city lights. The relative penury of Junkerdom, once here implanted. The exodus before the Cossacks back in '14 and from which so many never returned. It is also meet to remember that the pre-War Fatherland treated East Prussia rather cavalierly. Aside from Bismarck's tyranny over the Polish element, service in any capacity east of the Vistula was looked upon as banishment. It is well that Germans should remember this, also that, had there never been such beings as Poles, East Prussia must have taken the severest knock, anyhow, from disarmament, Soviet trade atrophy, and Baltic States struggling.

As the German element drains steadily out of East Prussia, Poles enter at the rate of some 50,000 a year and settle there. Not far ahead there may be as many Poles as Gemans, after which the former should steadily forge ahead. Germany is engaged in a race. And knows it. Realizes, too, that Poland holds the trumps. Every week, added mileage is laid of the double-line railway which is to unite the all-Polish port of Gdynia (near Dantzig) with the Upper Silesian minefield; and when that line is completed, East Prussia will be farther away than ever from the Fatherland. Every week, too, sees Gdynia, monstrous growth, expand. I don't know how many miles of quays it has; there it is, built on French capital and by French brains, and through which armament can be poured into Poland. And there stand 99 per cent. German and neighbouring Dantzig, grievously attainted, and a plaintiff before its guardian, the League.

Recently Warsaw and the Reich signed a commercial treaty, and some experts cried banzai. The Vistula clouds were lifting. The East Prussians see things in no such light. In fact, they claim that this treaty will serve to put more Polish produce still on the Berlin market.

Politically, the existing position is this: the Reich has solemnly contracted never to seek to alter its eastern frontier by recourse to arms. Parallely, not a German has the intention of permitting the existing condition to endure. The Poles, for their part, are equally obdurate. Militarized to the *n*th degree (very patently with jackboots and swords and salutes), they have contracted and displayed the rigidity of a Poincaré. Not a rood shall be transferred, or they will want to know the reason why!

The part of wisdom may be for us to bear in upon the French the strong desirability of their rendering their eastern *protégée* more elastic-minded. If any part of Europe cried out for a regional pact, in the economic and general interests of all local parties, assuredly here it is by the Vistula. The Poles might start by making themselves less visible, less blatantly so, in the Corridor itself.

Much will depend on France, and I detect a glimmer that under the umpire-Premier, Pierre Laval, the Republic is leaning away from war-making Tardieuism and towards hope-sown Briandism. But I may be wrong.

C

FIGHTING the JUNGLE

in East India

By F. KINGDON-WARD

Scarecrows! There are worse things than crows to scare in the jungle-clad frontier hills of East India. Agriculture may be in a sad plight in Britain, but at least the countryside is safe. We have long since abolished our wolves, bears, and deer. We no longer require to watch our crops by night, and such childish warnings as we put up are there to frighten away nothing more desperate than a flock of starlings. Our fields, which are flat, or at worst gently undulating, are the same year in and year out, though we change the crops grown in them according to a regular system of rotation. It is all tame enough.

On the Indian frontier, where the hills are clothed with impenetrable jungle, agriculture is still an exciting adventure. The scanty population wages perpetual warfare, with inadequate resources, against the overwhelming might of Nature. The "junglies" gain a tactical success. Then the unrelenting jungle calls up its reserves, and in a ferocious counter attack, inflicts a crushing defeat on its despoilers. The "junglies" move elsewhere, and the fight begins over again.

In the dry weather the "junglies" cut down the forest with their big knives. They cannot fell the biggest trees, which remain standing, but the festoons of creepers which smother them and the undergrowth and smaller trees are hacked through. In a month, if the weather remains fine, the vegetation is as dry as tinder. It is fired, and the blazing hillsides are a wonderful sight after dark, with the red sun waxing and waning as it creeps steadily up the slope, and the bamboos exploding like musketry. At last the fire burns itself out, where it reaches the damp evergreen jungle; but for weeks at the end of the hot weather the atmosphere is hazy with with the smoke of innumerable fires, until the rains come and wipe the sky clean again.

And now we have a small clearing in the heart of the jungle, not indeed flat, but perhaps on a slope of 50 degrees. The charred timber which lies about in confusion is gradually cut up and carried away for firewood, the burnt stumps of the forest giants remain, and as the hot ground cools, it is cleared up as far as possible. Then just before the rains are due, women come round and poke holes with a pointed stick, dropping a maize seed into each; other seeds are planted at the same time and in the same field, including beans, peas, pumpkins, and golden cucumbers.

No sooner are the seeds in the ground, than women and children are busy for weeks hand-weeding the rich soil; otherwise the crops would have no chance against the rampant growth. This goes on throughout the early rains, until the crops are ripening in August. Then comes warfare—the struggle between man and beast for the fruits of man's labour. Every evening after dark, bear, deer, monkeys, and other nameless beasts creep stealthily out of the black jungle, which clings round the clearing, and make their way in amongst the tall crops. High up, overlooking the steep slope, a small hut of bamboo and grass thatch has been built on piles; a sort of diving board juts out from it, whence one may survey the precipitous hillside. Here the watchers sit day and night; usually two are on guard, man and maid, taking turn and turn about, and many a romance has been fostered during the middle watch! A fire is lit to keep at bay the myriads of mosquitoes, as well as to cook.

Mishmi Cultivation on the River Terrace: *A scene in the Jobit Valley above Mundzong, Assam*

At intervals a dreadful racket breaks the silence of the slumbering valley, men shouting, and the loud clacking of bamboos. These bamboos, which are split half-way down, are planted about the field, and to one half a line is attached. All the lines are in turn attached to one master line, controlled from the hut; by jerking this sharply all the split bamboos are set clacking like tongues, and at the same time the watcher gives an unearthly yell, then falls asleep again. The monkeys, hidden amongst the high corn stalks, close beside an unseen clacker perhaps, start guiltily, and cough to each other. They are frightened. One by one they slink silently back into the jungle whence they came, and silence reigns until the next outburst is due.

Autumn comes and the crops are reaped, the corn plucked cob by cob, the barley ear by ear. Some at least is saved and stored for the winter in the granaries, which are made rat-proof by being raised on piles, and the piles capped with large wooden discs, like solid cartwheels. The "junglies" have won the first round. What of the future?

Prelude to Cultivation: *The jungle is here seen felled and burned in a dry (winter) season activity. In April the crops are sown. Such an area yields for at most a year or two*

Out of Cultivation: *This area has been cleared, the jungle fired, the crops sown and reaped, and the ground abandoned to the weeds. Now the secondary growth is springing up to be cut and burned in its turn*

While the women were sowing seeds by the hundred, Nature was sowing them by the million. They came from the jungle. Intensive weeding cannot keep pace with the growth, and no sooner have the crops been garnered than weeds spring up everywhere, smothering the land. The thin hungry soil is impoverished anyhow; there is no jungle to burn and enrich it again. All is waste and confusion, the site must be abandoned and another clearing made. The whole process must be gone through again next year. For six, eight, even ten years, the old clearing is left alone. Generation succeeds generation, but gradually the weeds are in turn supplanted. Terrible tangles of thorn spring up and a few young trees: but the jungle has gone for ever. Back the "junglies" come to the original clearing. The secondary growth is cut, —not without great difficulty and labour—and burnt, and another crop is sown. This time the yield is much poorer, for the soil is impoverished. At last nothing will grow there except coarse grass, and the place is permanently abandoned.

From time to time large areas become permanently covered with bamboo in place of the original forest. At long intervals the bamboos flower simultaneously over the whole region, and as the seeds ripen a vast surplus of food is suddenly set free everywhere. The result is an enormous increase in the jungle-rat population which is ordinarily kept in check by lack of food. When the supply of bamboo-seed at last fails, hordes of desperate rats are left to invade the fields, and the wretched "junglies," faced with a new problem, can do nothing to cope with the situation. The rats clean up the crops, and famine stalks abroad in the jungle. The unhappy people abandon their villages and take to the forest, digging up such roots as they can find; but for all its wealth of trees and creepers, the jungle is poor in edible fruits and roots. Many of the "junglies" die of disease engendered by starvation, and their picturesque graves mournfully decorate the landscape in the trail of the famine.

Watching: *One of the lookouts over the fields in the Kachin hills, whence the jungle hordes are kept, by clacking bamboos and vigilant natives, at bay*

DEER WITH "VELVET" HORNS: The antlers, which are shed and grow anew every year, ever increasing in size are, at this season, covered with "velvet" wherein are the blood vessels which nourish the horn growth. During the "velvet" period the antlers are tender and, if broken, bleed. The young horn is used as a comestible by the Chinese. It grows at a phenomenal pace

TIMBER DRAGGING HIGH ABOVE THE WYE: Tree felling is now in progress high above the Wye at Tintern, whence the trees are hauled to the timber yards. A horse is seen hauling timber down the steep slopes that tower over the loveliest of English rivers

"VELVET": In the case of a rea deer, the "velvet" period lasts for some twelve weeks. Above, the embryonic antlers are seen sprouting; within a few weeks they will be fully grown. Both the above views were taken a few days ago in Richmond Park

"VELVET" and TIMBER

Rus in Urbe

Above—On trek on Mahra country
Below—Four fishermen of Masirah Island

The CONQUEST of the

The Superlative Success of Mr. Bertram Thomas in Sandy Desert of Southern Arabia, has been Described Mr. Thomas's Own Book, "Alarms and Excursions has been Published. Excerpts

A name to rank with T. E. Lawrence, Richard Burton, and Wellsted—the great figures of Arabian exploration—is that of Bertram Thomas. The English Finance Minister and Wazir to the Sultan of Muscat and Oman, Mr. Thomas has already established a considerable reputation as an Orientalist. From Muscat, capital of Oman, he trekked, in 1928, 600 miles to Dhufar on the shores of the Arabian Sea, and his amazing linguistic and anthropological qualities were fully realized at Oxford by the Orientalist Congress.

The crown of Thomas's achievements is, of course, the crossing of the Rub'al Khali in the spring of this year—for he effected his chef d'oeuvre *not by aeroplane nor by motor-car, but by camel. Certainly the first non-Muslim, Mr. Thomas is conceivably the first human being to have crossed this barren and dangerous tract.*

Below are one or two excerpts from the thrilling record of his experiences, "Alarms and Excursions in Arabia." (George Allen and Unwin. 15s. net.)

Above—A typical Wadi bed of the S.E. borderlands
Below—The Pass of Maut Bikhun

"Rub'al Khali, South Arabia's great virgin desert which obsessed Wellsted and Richard Burton as it obsesses every white man whose life is cast in Arabia, was luring me on.

"Rub'al Khali! a teasing mistress, that beckons only to forbid. This was to be my first flirtation with her; I cherished no illusions, therefore, of an immediate and final conquest. The heart of the sands could await experience, and my present ambition was limited to a preliminary journey through the Southern Borderlands. This was quite enough, for it represented *terra incognita* for a distance far more than that between Land's End and John o' Groats; and alas! at my first essay I was to find myself thwarted at the outset." . . .

Mr. Bertram Thomas on his

"Arid, sandy hillocks and shell-flecked wadi beds made a desolate ride for the first two hours, the poor scrub supporting only clouds of red locusts which from time to time enveloped us. Sunset brought us to Ghina, an acacia grove in rolling sand country. And while the Faithful went through the form of preliminary ablutions with sand instead of water before lining up for evening prayers, Ali, my secretary, came to me in trepidation." . . .

"A story is told, true, it is said, of a famous *hauz* of this very Yal Wahiba tribe. A youth had murdered his maternal uncle—a most serious affair, for although it is the paternal side of the family that is privileged in the matters of the hand of a daughter and major inheritance of a dead man's estate (failing male offspring), yet, with these Badawin, the mother's brother is in sentiment rated above a father's brother, and incidentally the Badu, unlike the town Arab, will take his mother's name rather than his father's. But that is by the way. The youthful murderer was mortified with grief when it was too late, and although the family of the murdered man forgave him, he would not be comforted.

"'My coat is black,' he said; 'I am no more acceptable in the assembly than a woman. Life is no longer dear. I must expiate my deed.'

"He disdained forgiveness and an easy requital with the blood-money which *Shar'a* would have decreed. He would betake himself for judgment to the *hauz*.

"The old man listened to the story of the young murderer as he eyed him narrowly. 'It is well thou hast come,' he said. The tribe, viewing this as no ordinary murder, waited with bated breath a judgment that would not lack in severity.

"The moment for its announcement in the open-air assembly had come, the young penitent kneeling in customary suppliant way before the seat of judgment.

"'Listen,' declaimed the *hauz*. '*Ya fulan*,' and he named the young man. 'In the bottom of yonder dry well will be planted some spears with their spikes pointing upwards. My judgment is that thou startest from there'—and he indicated with his cane a spot some fifteen paces from the well mouth—'thou shalt turn thy back upon the well and walk backwards until thou fallest into it. Thus will the stain be removed from thy name. Whether thou diest or livest, the crime thou hast committed will then be expiated.'

"A wave of horror spread through the circle of tribesmen that half-sat, half-knelt around, and a cold hush fell upon the proceedings.

"'*Insha'allah*,' was all the young murderer said in pious acquiescence. He was conscious that this meant certain death, death of a horrible kind, yet was it the only honourable path. To shrink from it before his tribe were unthinkable. He might die. His deed should live.

"And so spears were brought, and the well was prepared. The young Badu was taken to the appointed place, and there, facing about, he moved calmly backwards towards his doom, and, reaching the brink, leapt as he was bidden. But ten stalwart Badus, who had been placed there ostensibly to be witness to the immolation, threw their arms about him as he was about to fall within,

South ARABIAN DESERT

Traversing by Camel the "Rub'al Khali," the Great

in Recent Issues of "The Times," and Coincidentally in Arabia" (George Allen and Unwin. 15s. net), from the latter are Given Below

having been ordered privily to do so if things reached this pass. The old man looked into the young man's eyes as he was brought before him again, '*Ya fulan!* go back to thy tribe,' said he, 'thy coat is black no longer.'" . . .

"Badu conversation exhausts itself in camels, raids, religion, and women. It is interesting to note that in Badawin Arabia scarcely a female of eighteen is to be found unmarried. This is to be accounted for by the religious sanction of polygamy, and also by the fact that in a pastoral society she has an economic value to her husband. Tending flocks, she does the work of a man, and her prospective husband must in consequence pay her father a price for her. Most girls are disposed of on reaching adolescence, which in Arabia is at the age of thirteen or fourteen. There is little flirtation and few genuine love-matches, for an unwritten law prescribes that the son of her paternal uncle has the first claim to the hand of a girl. If he does not avail himself of his privilege, her father disposes of her, often without consulting her inclinations, to the highest bidder—an old, old man, maybe, who can be no joy to her. But cousin-marriages are almost an inviolable rule, even though a great disparity of age exists, and in cases where the convention has been infringed I have known of blood being shed, and this with public approbation.

"'O Wazir! why don't you take her' (to wife), said one of my Badus one day to me, pointing roguishly at a young veiled Hikmani girl drawing water at a desert well.

"'I don't know whether she'll have me,' I replied. Then returning to the girl standing by, I exclaimed, 'O Shamla! would you marry me?'

"Shamla burked the question laughingly. Still, by the way she hung around I judged the answer to be mere feminine equivocation. Soon, however, she transferred her attention to my more demonstrative servant of dusky hue and unaccented tongue, from whose conversation I learned that she was still unmarried though nearly twenty, an age which Arabia begins to consider *passé*. Asked whether she had not a *bin am* (paternal cousin), she said that that lack, alas! was the reason for her solitary condition." . . .

favourite camel, Khuwara

"A Badu invariably knows the age of his camel, but seldom his own age. He will dispose of his daughter for the half of the sum he asks for his camel. An average cow on the line of my trek would change hands for 200 dollars, and a calf at 60 or 80. My Harsusi guide alleged that he supported a wife, two sons and four daughters on a single cow, camel, and some twenty sheep. His sixteen-year-old and as yet unmarried daughter, glorying in the name of Aqrab (Scorpion), came tripping along on our arrival close to the camping-ground to greet her father. This she did by lifting her veil and rubbing noses with him. As she demurely went away into the camel-thorn he turned to me jocularly: 'O Wazir! for a rifle and sixty dollars she is yours' (to wed). 'She is worth infinitely more,' said I, by way of disposing of the compliment." . . .

"At the entrance to the Wadi Ainan I was obliged to change my camels and personnel. And yet once again. This third time my benefactors were the Harasis, a tribe for whose members I learned to have a special affection. Preparatory to the start I dispatched Hamuda to the coast to buy some butter, dates, and rice, but he succeeded in getting dates only, and those at a fabulous price, a failure that was to cause us some hungry marches. The camels had to be taken six miles to the nearest wells to be watered, leaving a new acquaintance, Sharqi, as my only *rabia* with local knowledge." . . .

"By day we moved cautiously and by night lit no fires. Water now was too precious to permit of the luxury of washing. The temperature fell to 44 deg. Fahr. by night, and sleeping out in Badawin kit, unchanged for eight days, was not ideally comfortable. However, apart from the excitement of the unknown, of what lay beyond the skyline, the good humour of the Badawin was a mental tonic and helped to support the effects of slight dysentery—inevitable towards the end of a six-weeks' journey. One had eaten no green food, the diet for the most part consisting of dates, rice, and camels' milk.

"Liberty is the Badu's darling passion, and this, though it involves a hungry and thirsty existence, he prefers to the comfort and material rewards that go with servitude. But he has to preserve that liberty with his own right arm. Feuds, family, tribal, and factional, are without beginning and without end. No man dare go abroad unarmed, and to travel through country used by hostile elements is to court death and the confiscation of his camels, except during the intermittent periods of truce, and then it is necessary for him to be accompanied by a *rafiq* (member of the opposing faction). A small boy will suffice, and one constantly meets with this humorous side of it, but he must be of tribal blood and not a slave, for in only one tribe in South Arabia—the Qara—are slaves accepted as *rafiqs*. Slaves taken in the raid everywhere escape the death that is meted out to their freeborn companions. In fact they, like the camels rounded up at the same time, are of course loot, and both pass into some convenient market to be exchanged for rifle ammunition or, possibly, rice."

Above—An acacia jungle

Below—A "ghadir" or rainpool in Al Dhahir

Above—Yal Wahiba sand-dune country

Below—Two Yal Wahiba sheikhs

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

EGYPT—A NATURAL AERODROME.—"If the British were just a little more enterprising and the Egyptians thought sometimes of other things besides their internal political feuds, if they were not so utterly lacking in vision, or could give birth to a little national pride and shake off their somnolence, Egypt would soon be the greatest international aerodrome in the world." So writes to me from Cairo a visiting American authority on aviation. "But what can you think of a country, geographically located by nature to be the crossways of the air-lanes of three continents, but which yet to-day has not even laws and regulations for flying, and scarcely a civil aerodrome?"

Continuing, he writes: "After Southern California, Egypt is the best all-year-round flying ground that I have seen in any part of the world. The 'air key' to three continents, it is incredible that the Egyptians can remain so blind or so indifferent to the commercial possibilities and strategical advantages possessed by their country. In view of the bad weather which makes six to eight months out of every twelve unfavourable for flying in Europe, Egypt should be the winter playground-in-the air for the private flyers of England and Europe, just as Southern California is for the United States. Egypt is one big natural aerodrome. There is the Nile—several hundred miles—for amphibians and flying-boats, and you can land almost anywhere in desert or valley with a landplane. In the noon hours it can be bumpy, but not dangerous."

MR. ALAN MUNTZ, who is now in Cairo on behalf of Airwork, Ltd., to settle concessions from the Egyptian Government

The American's observations are true. There is hardly a spot on the map revealing such an all-year-round natural aerodrome, and international junction in the air, as Egypt. Strategically, the triangular Alexandria–Cairo–Port Said or Port Suez is as important to the air as is the Suez Canal to the seas. Heliopolis could be made the attractive centre where the private flyers of England, Europe, the Cape, and Kenya would meet for winter flying.

"Cairo as an Air Croydon. Make it the centre of Empire Aviation," was the suggestion made by the former Air Minister, the Hon. F. E. Guest, as far back as two years ago. He made this proposal following an air-survey of North Africa. "If Cairo, and not Croydon, were the starting-point for Empire air-routes, you would eliminate both the delays which the weather is certain to cause and also the constant risk of accident. Croydon is on the rim of the Empire. Cairo, in addition to being one of the world's most perfect flying countries, is at the heart of the projected Empire air-routes. Cairo, in the long run, would also enable us to tap Continental passenger traffic more effectively than Croydon."

The French, more enterprising and far-sighted, are beginning to establish aerodromes in Southern Algeria, Morocco, and the Sahara which will draw flying visitors who otherwise might be attracted to Egypt. For that matter, the French again are steadily acquiring a monopoly of the well-to-do motoring winter tourists and residents, who enjoy driving on the splendid roads through those countries of North Africa and the Sahara, confident that the routes are good and safe, sure of finding modern hotels and accommodation. Egypt has neglected the building of motor-roads, losing tourists and money thereby.

NATURE UNADORNED.—The Cult of the Nude is spreading rapidly. It began in Germany in about 1900, when pioneers were much persecuted by the authorities. But now Germany has more than 60,000 members of both sexes who go swimming together entirely nude, do gymnastic and athletic exercises without a stitch of clothing on, and even attend social gatherings in the open *à la* Adam and Eve. The movement is increasingly active in France, England, Switzerland, Austria, Poland, Russia, and some of the Scandinavian countries.

The first International Convention of devotees of Nude Culture was held a few months ago in Berlin, attended by more than one hundred delegates from the countries named above. Soviet Russia sent an official representative. Juvenile Courts, Youth Movements, Physical Culture Clubs, "Friends of Nature," and similar organizations were represented. Two women members of the German Reichstag were speakers at the Convention, heartily supporting the aims of Nude Culture.

Conditions of membership vary with the clubs. Several are very strict, requiring declarations about private life, health, habits, and a pledge to maintain secrecy regarding the identity of other members. Some prospective membership *questionnaires* contain a query as to whether the husband (or wife) is joining too. If not, why not? If divorced, the reason for divorce, whether prohibitionist, vegetarian, non-smoker, &c. There are Nudist Clubs for every category of citizen, from one frequented by the nobility to a Communist Nude camp.

"Physiopolis," on the Isle of Médan in the Seine at Vilennes, not twenty miles from Paris, is the French capital of Nudism. But here Nature completely unadorned is not compulsory. A scanty bathing-suit is permitted. But it must be maximum scanty and minimum suit. Credentials of prospective members are thoroughly investigated.

The rigours of winter a couple of years ago threatened to exterminate some of the "Zarathustra Colony" on top of the Riviera mountains behind Nice. Established by a German, Dr. Goldberg, the colony was founded not only to abolish clothes, but also use of money, property, marriage laws, identity, and nationality.

The first "naturist" settlement in Hungary was established last winter in a wooded suburb of Budapest, called Zugliget, modelled on "Physiopolis" on the Seine. I understand that the Hungarian authorities have given permission for the establishment of two other similar colonies on the shores of the Danube and of Lake Balaton.

The Doukhobors, or "spirit-wrestlers" as the word means, are perhaps the oldest "Nude Culture" community in existence. They were first heard of in the eighteenth century in Russia, where they suffered persecution, and about thirty years ago some 7,000 emigrated to Canada. The Doukhobors object to all forms of government, rent, taxes, clothing, and food obtained by the death of animals.

"Through nudity to cleaner minds, higher moral standards for both sexes, better health, and greater happiness," is the slogan of the growing international Nude Culture movement.

BUTTERFLIES OF THE AIR.—Japanese women, the most feminine in the world, are more "air-minded" than many of their European sisters. Paradoxically enough, these little "butterflies" of that far-off flowery land are being encouraged by their Government to progress in aviation and to aim at high achievement.

The Japanese Minister of Communications, Matajiro Koizumi, recently invited the women flyers of Japan to a tea at the Imperial Hotel and told them not to be beaten by men in this ultra-modern sport open to both sexes. "Japan has had great women from time immemorial, like the Empress Jingu who led an expeditionary force to Korea," he said. "You should not be beaten by men just because you are women. At present the conquerors of the air have become the rulers of the land. The women flyers of Japan consequently have important responsibilities, and a great work to do for the country. I hope you do it well."

The audience included Minister Koizumi's daughter; Mr. Togawa, chief of the Aviation Bureau; Mr. Aiba, President of the Tokio Air Transport Company, Japanese women flyers from the various aviation schools, a Korean woman-pilot, the three air-service girls employed on the Tokio-Shimizu air-line, and Miss Kaneko Kitamura, Japan's premier woman-journalist and enthusiastic air-woman. Miss Kitamura, tiny and dainty as a porcelain doll (I know her well), jumped up and cried, "We women have not the least idea of being inferior to men aviators, or of allowing them to monopolize all the honours of the air." She pointed out, however, that in spite of the minister's encouraging words, the Japanese air authorities have not yet agreed to grant women first-class pilots' licences, although they have been amongst the pioneer women in the world to enter the world of commercial flying. When the Tokio Air Transport Company in February advertised for three "air-girls" to serve on the passenger seaplanes between the principal cities of Japan, no fewer than 250 applications were received, the majority from girls of well-to-do families, graduates or students of leading high schools. The three selected, Misses Hideko Motoyama, Masako Wada, and Yukie Kudo inaugurated a new era for Japanese women in public activity when Minister Koizumi, his daughter, and two other passengers, flew on the first experimental flight from Tokio to Shimizu on March 30. "People who fear such a delightful trip are really insulting science," the air-minded Minister remarked to his daughter. The "air-girls" wear a smart uniform with white collars and béret to match.

Miss Miyamori, the "parachute girl" who caused a sensation in Japan by being the first Japanese woman to attempt parachute-jumping, is scheduled this month to make a jump from 12,000 ft. into the sea off Tokio Bay, in order to test a parachute especially equipped to float on water.

Japan's first "air-wedding" took place last month, when Mr. Ryohei Iwasaki married Miss Hisako Kawaguchi in a large passenger 'plane as it circled the Meiji Shrine Inner Garden. The bride was dressed in traditional Japanese wedding kimono, and the marriage was held with full ceremony, sponsored by Lieut.-General Gaisha Nagaoka, the "Grand Old Man" of Japanese aviation, and his wife. The wedding reception was held in the hangar.

THE WHITE KINGDOM.—Greenland, inhospitable, frozen stage of the recent dramatic Watkins - Ahrenberg - Courtauld expeditions and rescue, is also the setting for an almost unknown romance of modern adventure and pioneering. It has only lately transpired that Knud Rasmussen, the famous Danish explorer, has for a number of years been virtual, if uncrowned, king of a country twice as big as Denmark itself, ruling absolutely a glittering white kingdom.

Twenty years ago, during the course of his Arctic explorations, Knud Rasmussen found Eskimos living in the North-west of Greenland, beyond the limits of the dominions of the Danish Greenland Administration. No one had suspected human habitations in those desolate ice-lands. Rasmussen named the land Thule, took it into possession himself, supported by some wealthy Copenhagen business men, formed a company for the colonization of his strange domain, and became uncrowned King of Thule. This peaceful but none the less romantic "conquest" has resulted in the opening up of that country to civilization and commerce. Rasmussen's three hundred subjects have been taught Danish, converted to Christianity, have their own governor, church, school, and hospital. The company's steamer, *Soekongen*, maintains regular connection between Thule and Copenhagen. The same laws obtaining in Danish Greenland are in force in Thule. Necessaries of life are sold and Eskimo products bought at the same prices as in Southern Greenland. School, church, and medical services are free to the population. So well organized is the colony, however, that "King" Knud makes enough profit to finance his many expeditions, and the publication of his great books on Eskimo life in Greenland.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF RUMANIA'S INDEPENDENCE: Troops marching past in review at Bucharest on the festal day of the Balkan Kingdom. The curious head-dresses are a feature of the troops

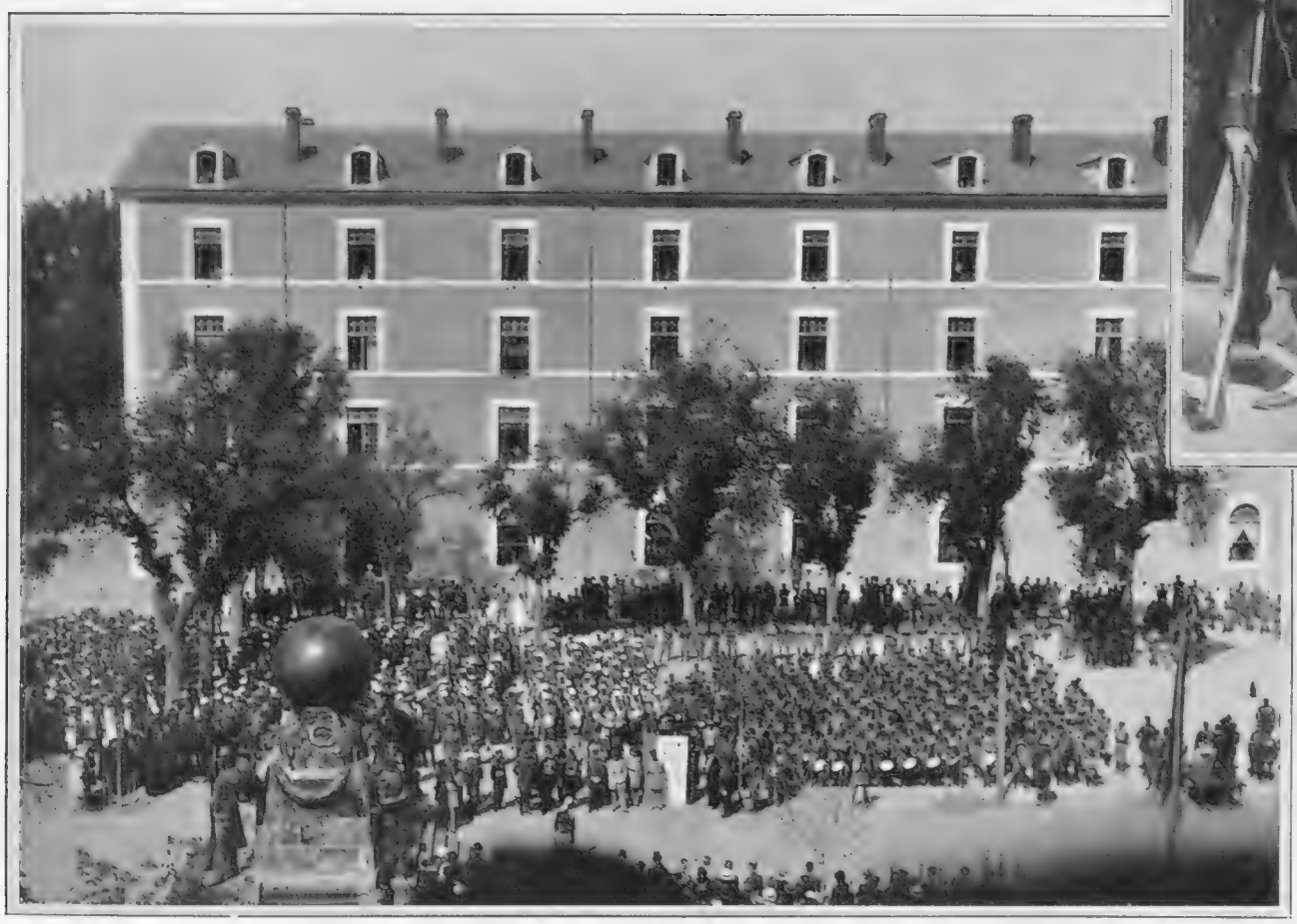
"The SPHERE"
SURVEYS
The WORLD

KING AND PREMIER: King Carol of Rumania has just visited Timisvara, some eighty miles from Bucharest, and the enthusiasm with which he was greeted augurs well for the happy continuance of the reign of the returned exile, notwithstanding the recent rumours of the coming coup. King Carol is seen above with Professor N. Jorga, his Prime Minister

REPRESENTING AN ANCIENT MARTIAL ALLIANCE: A Scotsman now in the French Foreign Legion. Scots have found service for centuries in the forces of France

SHEIKHS OF THE DRUSES: A group taken at the Government Stud Farm at Acre which was recently visited by a party including the Earl and Countess of Athlone and Lady Mary Cambridge. The Druse Sheikhs of Abusinaan are seen above

OF THE "COHORT OF THE DAMNED": Legionaries in various costumes worn during the nineteenth century



THE CENTENARY OF THE FOREIGN LEGION: The scene in Morocco when M. Carde, Governor-General of Algeria, and Marshal Franchet d'Esperey celebrated the foundation of the famous regiment of lost hopes and incredible valour

A memorial, the first stone of which was laid in October last, was unveiled in Vienot barracks to the famous desert fighters of the Foreign Legion, the creation of which for service abroad was first sanctioned by a law dated March 9, 1831. For just a hundred years it has provided a refuge for the desperate, the resolute, and the outcast of all nations. In fifty years they have helped to tame a country far greater than Europe. With increasing pacification it is likely to see less fighting. Among the twenty nationalities found in the Foreign Legion the Germans are far the most numerous. Russia is represented by a strong contingent from the old White armies. There are also numbers of Swiss, Belgians, and bandits from the Balkans. Among all the legionaries there are said to be less than a hundred English and Americans; they are not popular, as their standard of living is higher than that of Central European nations. It is on record that one woman has served in the ranks, undiscovered, dying of wounds received in action. Foreigners who wish to disappear can join up at any French recruiting station, and for five years no law in Europe can touch them. The Legion becomes their father, family, and future. Outcasts they remain to the end. Yet so strong is the fighting spell cast by life in the Legion that many have been found to enlist for a second or third period—and for all these the Vienot centenary monument will be in the nature of a "beau geste" to brave men.

15,000 MILES IN AN AUTOGIRO: Miss Elvine Kalep, an Esthonian artist, who is in England learning to fly, plans a 15,000 mile flight to the Far East in a machine of the type on which she is learning—one of the new autogiros. Miss Kalep is seen above with her instructor at Heston

THE "BABY": The Midget 'plane developed by an inventor of Lincoln, Nebraska, is driven by a motor of 25 h.p., and though the aeroplane weighs less than 400 lb. it carries pilot and passenger. The propeller is set behind and therefore pushes the machine. The usual rudder is replaced by flaps in the trailing wings which also function as a brake

DUAL TRAVEL: Lieutenant Geoffrey Rodd (centre) with his car and his Puss Moth aeroplane in which he has travelled over 25,000 miles. On right is his chauffeur, who drives the Bentley to the aerodrome and changes over to fly the 'plane to any desired destination. He is the first flying chauffeur in the country

AERIAL

By C. G. GREY

(*Editor of* The Aeroplane)

Taking things all round, in spite of the much-advertised trade depression, Civil Aviation is going very strong in Great Britain at present. I use the term Great Britain advisedly, because recent activities include Scotland and Wales as well as England. The way private owners of light aeroplanes are using their machines in these days gives one the impression that owners and machines alike are entirely weatherproof.

Some time ago a new country club was opened near Aston Clinton, near Aylesbury. There was snow on the ground and the weather up above was horrible; in fact so horrible that very few people took their cars out on that particular day. But something like a dozen people turned up by aeroplane to the inaugural ceremony.

More recently the Southern Aero Club at Shoreham gave a lunch party, and again the weather afflicted us. But about a dozen hardy pilots, some of them with passengers, arrived by air, although the majority of the people who were expected to arrive by car did not.

The advent of fine weather has apparently caused aeroplanes to take to the air like flies. On Saturday, May 9, half-a-dozen German aviators from Düsseldorf paid a visit to the Royal Aero Club. They arrived at the Heston Air Park in the afternoon, and there were about thirty British aeroplanes there to meet them. There would have been more but for the fact that there were thirty-five other privately-owned aeroplanes having a little informal meeting of their own at Shoreham, and there were between twenty-five and thirty others at Brooklands, whose owners had gone to see the finish of the Double-Twelve motor-car race. That accounts for the better part of one hundred civil aeroplanes at three south-country aerodromes alone.

And when you consider that there are seventeen subsidized flying clubs and half-a-dozen unsubsidized clubs sprinkled about the British Isles, you get some sort of an idea of the activity which prevails on any fine week-end.

For a good many years efforts have been made to produce what Sir Samuel Hoare called "air-mindedness" in Wales. The predominantly vertical nature of that country is not conducive to the laying-out of aerodromes, but there are a good many possible landing-grounds in it. And Mr. R. H. Thomas of South Wales Airways, Ltd. has been steadily educating the Welsh people in the principles of aviation by running joy rides all over Wales for several years. But, also on May 9, he organized a little flying meeting at Bridgend. Even there he was able to produce half-a-dozen civil aeroplanes, and just to give an air to the occasion the City of Bristol Bomber Squadron, which is a reserve squadron of the Royal Air Force, flew over the aerodrome during the afternoon to give the local people a show.

Though one hears little about it in England one of the most active organizations in the British Isles is the Scottish Flying Club whose headquarters are in Glasgow and who do their flying at Renfrew. This club has during the past year put up pretty nearly the biggest total of flying hours of any club in the British Isles and had I believe actually the highest average in proportion to the number of flying members.

Naturally the buying of a new aeroplane very often means that the owner wants to sell his old machine, and the sale of second-hand aircraft is quite astonishing. In fact there do not seem to be enough second-hand aeroplanes to satisfy the demand. One well-known firm of dealers in aeroplanes advertised four second-hand machines for sale one week and they were all sold before the week was up.

This demand for second-hand aeroplanes obviously means that a fresh market is being tapped by aeroplanes at about £500, a price which is not touched by new aeroplanes which sell for anywhere between £750 and £1,250. The natural assumption is that if some enterprising firm could devise some method of producing a good cheap aeroplane which had the same performance as the more expensive types, just as a good many cheap cars travel just as fast as expensive cars, that firm would practically create a new class of aviators.

All this happened in the motor trade in just the same way years ago. When cars cost somewhere in the direction of a thousand pounds and there was no such thing as a car for £250, second-hand cars in decent condition brought onto the road hundreds of motorists who could never have afforded a new car. And with the reduction in the price of new cars and the consequent reduction in the price of secondhand cars more and more people were brought onto the roads.

Flying is bound to develop in exactly the same way. The increased market will embolden somebody to build cheaper aeroplanes; and our Aeronautical Inspection Department and the need for Airworthiness Certificates will ensure that those aeroplanes are safe to fly. We are already the most airminded nation in the world and before long we shall be the greatest air users in the world.

THE SPIRIT OF FLIGHT

An Artist's Symbolic Impression

The Private Owner's Joy—away into the Air

From a water-colour drawing by H. SEABRIGHT

The Joys of Air and Water

A motor-launch picks up an air-pilot from a seaplane

From a water-colour drawing by H. SEABRIGHT

THE SUNSHADE: The sagacious beast covers himself with leaves and branches to shelter from the ruthless sunshine of the Belgian Congo

NEW STUDIES *of the* African ELEPHANT

The above picture is of a big bull elephant shot in the Congo Forest country at mid-day in an open glade. The tusker is of the Ituri Forest type, with tusks going straight down to allow him to pass through forests easily. Elephants living in open country have wide-spreading tusks. One can see how the base of the tusk runs up to near the eye. Just to the left of the eye is a little orifice which acts as a filter. If the elephant drinks any impurity it works out of this little hole in the hide. The above animal was photographed by Mr. C. B. Goss of Nairobi

Reminiscences of an UNSUCCESSFUL SHIKARI

By H. E. C. MERRICK

I have for many years past gained much pleasure in reading accounts in *Blackwood's Magazine* and elsewhere of big-game hunting adventures. These accounts are usually exciting, always admirably written, and they never fail to rouse my enthusiasm. Having experienced myself the thrills of the chase I know enough about the general principles of the game to follow the moves, share in the anxieties, and exult in the invariably successful end.

I never question for a moment the veracity of the author. After all somebody must bag the big stuff now and again, and if they are kind enough to write and tell us how they did it, the accounts are of interest to the world in general and to big-game hunters in particular. But what I have always felt is that these anecdotes, so ably recounted, must have been the cream of the author's experience and the skim-milk of every day hunting, that is, the grind and sweat and the empty-handed return after the long day's trudge, are seldom referred to and never given prominence.

I no longer hunt big game and am never likely to again. But I have hunted—and I belong to the common run of unsuccessful hunters. No giant of the jungle has ever fallen to my gun; in point of fact during my most intimate encounter the elephant was the hunter, and not I! I propose to tell that story shortly. But the point I wish to make is that big-game hunting for the majority—particularly after elephant—is a long and tedious tale of hard work with little to show for it at the end but dirt, fatigue, blisters, and an all-consuming thirst.

Of course one does hear of the successful tyro—the man who, armed with a little second-hand knowledge and a more or less effective rifle, and finding himself for a few weeks in elephant country, decides to try his luck and gets away with it. I know of a subaltern in the W.A.F.F. who, accompanied by an orderly, both carrying ·303 service rifles, wandered into the bush one day and stumbled on an elephant lying down apparently asleep. With admirable presence of mind they both took cover and poured volleys into the recumbent enemy, only ceasing when their ammunition supply gave out. The unfortunate beast, overcome by the weight of metal, gave one or two spasmodic kicks and never rose again. The subaltern's theory was that it died of lead poisoning. However, he got his elephant, tail, teeth, and all.

Another party I knew of weren't so fortunate. There were two subalterns this time, and on their first expedition they decided to hunt in pair. They tracked their elephant successfully and were lucky enough to come up to him crossing an open space broadside on and most conveniently presenting the cheek for the brain-shot between the eye and the ear. Firing simultaneously they bowled the beast over and he lay to all appearances as dead as mutton. Caution demanded a halt until he was well and truly dead. Meanwhile the occasion called for celebration and the whisky-flask was produced. This necessitated the laying aside of arms, and while the wake was in progress the corpse suddenly rose and ran away, and that was the first and last elephant they ever saw.

My own first experience was in Sierra Leone. I was trekking along a road on the edge of elephant country rather too near the haunts of man to expect to find game. An old native hunter came up to explain that an elephant had passed a few hours before with a bad stomach wound—presumably shot by a rival hunter by the time-honoured method of lying down in the elephant's path and shooting upwards as it passed. Natives are only permitted by law to use a Dane gun, which is a muzzle-loading affair fired by black powder and a percussion cap and filled with anything heavy from stones to iron nails. The penetrating powers of this arm are not excessive and the hunter chooses the softest part to shoot at, i.e. the stomach. The resulting wound is only occasionally fatal, otherwise the Sierra Leone elephant would soon be exterminated, and presumably nature heals the wound eventually as most elephants that are shot bear the marks of several encounters with Dane guns. But although not necessarily fatal the wounds are undoubtedly painful, and an elephant shot in the tummy is a nasty beast to come up against.

My native informant was no doubt impressed with this fact, and having volunteered to track the beast for me asked permission to bring his own weapon. This being granted he produced a 6-foot length of gas-pipe filled to the muzzle with old iron. In the folly of my ignorance I was prepared to face a wounded elephant but not that Dane gun, and my orderly was instructed to tell him that in the opinion of the white man the gun was not good enough. Whereupon he dived into a nearby hut and reappeared with another gun about twice the size of the first. This time I firmly insisted on his accompanying me unarmed — which no doubt accounts for the fact that after four hours' tracking the elephant was still apparently as far from us as he was when we started, and we returned, myself secretly relieved, the tracker evidently working out in his mind what reward he could confidently demand and expect. Thereafter followed a series of alarums and excursions, never however bringing us within sight of game. Finally, one day luck seemed to be in. We had been following for some time a track which looked as if a line of tanks abreast had been advancing through the bush. Big trees were down all over the place, patches of swamp churned up into bottomless mud holes, most unpleasant going, involving much clambering and wading with a merciless sun overhead. And here, for the benefit of those who do not know the habits of the elephant on the move, I should say that those habits are peculiar. As a rule a herd of elephants leaves no more mark of their passage than one would expect from a single small animal; they can be as silent as cats, and except when their weight sinks them into soft ground the mark of their pads needs an expert to recognize.

The Monsters of the Wild: *Elephant trekking peacefully through the African bush*

But, on occasions, they seem to run riot and revel in destruction, pulling or pushing down big trees to get at a few succulent leaves at the top.

We had come into a broad open flat plain with the appearance of meadow-land dotted with low trees. Suddenly the tracker motioned a halt and, stealthily mounting on a log, peered through the branches of a covering tree. Pulling me up beside him I too peered through and witnessed a sight I had come miles to see, and would go miles to see again—a herd of a score or more of elephants of all sizes, from large bulls to calves, for all the world like overgrown pigs, peacefully browsing on the leaves of saplings. Had I been more experienced I should have noticed the watchful cows on sentry-go while the youngsters were playing and their lords feeding. Now the technique of hunting elephants demands short range. Their vulnerable parts are well protected and both the brain and heart shots call for accurate aim. To hit an elephant anywhere but in the brain or the heart is, as a rule, about as effective as hitting a haystack. They were up-wind about 200 yards away and we crawled on hands and knees to a position which should have brought us on the edge of the herd.

Though meadow-like from a distance the grass was in reality about 5 ft. high, and the closer we got the less we could see. We lay doggo for ages waiting for a bull to appear in a gap between tufts of grass. During this time, I have been told by experts, I was probably in greater danger than ever before in my life. Had one of those calves stumbled on us and whinnied, the cows would have charged in a second, and no hunter faces a cow-elephant protecting her young if he can help it. But I didn't know that, and after endless waiting I lost patience and stood up to have a look. In front of me, but too far off for an effective shot, was a large bull. To my lasting regret I took aim at the brain and pulled the trigger. I regret it, because at that range I must have hit my haystack, and to wound game without hope of retrieving it is not done by your true hunter. Incidentally, that shot cost me a fiver—the cost of a licence to shoot elephant, payable whether you get one or not. Anyway the object of my aim went off like the wind with the whole herd in hot pursuit. A half-hearted attempt to follow up and ascertain the result of the shot was soon abandoned, and I had had another blank day. The day was not quite wasted perhaps—experience gained and a memory stored up; but no proud return carrying the tail—and *no* ivory!

The following day was my last. I had already overstayed my leave, and early dawn found us on the track of a lone bull. He is the fellow to get if you can. He is probably a big old tusker driven out of the herd, always wary, having been hunted many times before most likely, but fair game for the hunter. We were up to him pretty soon in thick forest. We could hear him crashing through, but a flanking movement to get ahead of him before he came out was unsuccessful and we started to follow through high grass. An elephant's walking pace is a man's jog trot and you can only get up to an elephant on the move when he stops to rest or feed. A couple of hours of this business carrying a ·450 No. 2 in a torrid sun was making my aim so shaky I handed over the rifle to the tracker to carry. I think now the tracker must have been dozing—those fellows follow an elephant almost by instinct—for suddenly a large grey rock a few yards ahead was transformed into a huge beast with flapping ears and waving trunk crashing down on me with the tracker plus the rifle in a tangle underneath a whirl of immense legs. Instinct made me dive sideways. When I had recovered my wits I was relieved to find the tracker unharmed and an elephant's footprint exactly a yard from where my head had been. Well, that was that! I have had many discussions since with experts as to my course of action if I'd had the rifle. Would my first barrel have stopped or turned the beast, giving me a chance for the brain shot with the second?

Anyway the point is academic. Shortly afterwards I left West Africa for ever, and my pleasure in big-game hunting is now taken second-hand from the safe depths of an armchair.

THE SHEARS OF INFAMY: Joan undergoes one of the minor indignities of imprisonment

MAY, 1431—JOAN OF ARC

Did She Recant?

BY JEAN-JACQUES BROUSSON

The Illustrations are from the French Film of St. Joan.

Jeanne d'Arc—she is the miracle of the month of May. As a child, along with the other children of Domrémy, she played round the beautiful May tree, where it was said, the fairies used to come. With her companions she picked the flowers growing at the edge of the spring, whose healing waters cured the sick. She made them into garlands and crowns, and hung them from the branches of the old oak. She danced the farandole round a mannequin made of leafy twigs. This leafy figure symbolized the re-birth, the awakening of the earth and of the roses, but it symbolized also the hope of the peasants who believed in France.

One day in May, in the springtime of her life, at the mid-day hour, when in her father's garden, gay with flowers, amid the sound of the bells and of the bees, she heard the Voices, radiant and inexorable like the blade of a sword, which, from among the white blossoming trees and the roses, enjoined her: "Daughter of God, go! leave thy village! Take the sword! go to the help of the dauphin Charles."

It was in the month of May that this village girl visited every Saturday Notre Dame de Bermont, in her rustic hermitage on the hillside. She adorned her brightly-coloured statue with flowers and candles. She kneels in rapture before the Virgin who rejoices over her child. Her companions, and Mangette, the most beloved, murmur, "She is too pious."

It was in May that she gave the "sign"—the deliverance of Orléans, the heart of the lily, and the heart of France.

It was in May that she went to the help of Compiègne and that she was taken prisoner during a sortie.

It was in May that she was preached to in the graveyard of Abbaye de Saint Ouen, where they extorted from her a so-called recantation.

And it was on May 30, 1431, that she achieved her passion on the funeral pyre at Rouen.

Let us try to re-live, day by day, after these five centuries, these two episodes of the martyrdom. The best known is that of the death. It has been immortalized in the pages of Michelet, Lamartine, Henri Martin, Anatole France. It has been illustrated by sculptors, painters, and popular images. It has been sung by musicians and poets. But the episode of the recantation in the cloister of Saint Ouen, is much less known. The evidence relating to it is entangled as a bush of eglantine. The fabulous is interlaced with reality. One must admit—a shadow passes over the most radiant of the statues. Without full knowledge of this grievous Gethsemane of Jeanne d'Arc one cannot understand this public denial of her Voices and of her King.

The village girl who did not fear battle, who surpassed in courage and temerity the bravest of warlike leaders, who always led the charge, her banner waving in her hand, would she have trembled before the fire? At the time of the process of canonization at Rome, the theologians were worried over what they described as the "lack of heroism." The "devil's advocate" made a great point in his speech of the recantation of May 24, 1431. But scholars studied this unhappy episode, and among others, the Canon Ulysse Chevalier. They went over word for word, step by step, of this cruel scene. Thanks to their minute studies, we can re-live to-day, this anniversary day, what happened 500 years ago. It is all to the honour of the warrior virgin, who is the incarnation of a country in arms. From the machinations of her enemies, Jeanne comes out purified, magnified.

. . . . .

On the morning of May 24, 1431, the Thursday after Pentecost, at Rouen, the carpenter's erected two platforms in the graveyard of the Abbaye de Saint Ouen. These platforms faced one another, the larger was designed for the judges and the high ecclesiastics, the smaller for Guillaume Erard, Rector of the University of Paris, who was charged with the duty of preaching to La Pucelle, and to lead her to confess the falsity of her voices.

She was visited, early in the morning, in her prison by Maître Beaupère, who warned her: "Jeanne, you are going to be taken to the scaffold to be preached to. If you are a good Christian, you will say that you submit all your deeds and words to our Holy Mother Church, and especially to the ecclesiastical judges."

The prisoner was weak by long detention. This girl of the field was enfeebled by prison confinement. She was tired of the arguments of the twelve meticulous interrogations. She had just been ill. After eating one day a carp sent by Bishop Cauchon she was taken with violent sickness. Everyone thought she had been poisoned. In great haste the Earl of Warwick sent doctors.

"The King does not wish that she should die a natural death," he told them. "He has bought her dear enough! He intends that she shall burn! Visit her and cure her."

Scarcely well, on May 9 they attempted to terrorize her—showing her the instruments of torture in the Great Tower of the castle at Rouen. On the 12th, in the Archbishop's chapel, Bishop Cauchon read to her the terrible *réquisitoire*, or accusation, of the University of Paris, against her.

Had she been brutalized in prison by her guardians? She was kept bound during the night, fastened by chains at her waist and legs in an iron cage.

On May 24, in the dawn, the executioner came to fetch her with his cart drawn by four horses. At a postern gate Jeanne met Maître Loiseleur.

"Jeanne," he counsels her, "it remains with you if you are to be saved. Put on again the clothes of your sex and do that which is decided for you. Otherwise you will be in peril of death. If you do what I tell you everything will go well with you, and nothing evil. You will be put into the hands of the Church."

At 8 o'clock in the morning, the cart, led by the executioner, arrived at the graveyard of the abbey, which was crowded with people and soldiers. On the great platform were the ecclesiastics; one might call it a council of the Church. There were the Bishop of Winchester, Henry Beaufort, the Bishops of Thérouenne, of Noyon, and of Norwich, the Abbots of Fécamp, of Saint Ouen, of Jumièges, of Bec-Helloin, of Corneilles, of Mont Saint-Michel, of Mortemer, and of Preaut; the Priors of Longueville-Giffard and of Saint-Lô. . . . The bishops and the abbots carried crosses and mitres. The doctors, licentiates, and bachelors wore the distinguishing marks of their grades.

Into the pulpit mounts the preacher, Maître Erard, Canon of the Churches of Langres and of Beauvais. He had undertaken this task with repugnance. "I would rather be in Flanders," he sighed. "This affair is very disagreeable to me."

Beside them, made to appear before the people, was Jeanne in man's clothes.

The preacher took for his text a verse from the Gospel of St. John: "The branch cannot bear fruit of itself if it is not attached to the vine." After having enumerated the faults of which the Church considered her guilty, he summoned Jeanne to submit herself to the Church. Then he grew angry with the pride of this girl.

"Oh! noble *Maison de France*," he cried, "thou who hast always been the protectress of the faith, how thou hast been abused! And Charles, who calls himself King, has adhered, as a heretic and schismatic, to the words and doings of a girl. Malevolent, *diffamée*, and dishonoured. And not by him alone, but by all the clergy in his dominion and lordship, by whom this woman has been examined and has not been convicted. *C'est grande pitié!*"

Twice or three times the preacher renewed his insults, then, pointing the finger at La Pucelle:

"It is to you that I speak, Jeanne; I tell you that your King is heretic and schismatic."

At that moment the prisoner's resignation broke. She controlled the tumult in her heart, and amid the angry noise of the people she heard her Voices which said to her, "Reply bravely to this preacher, who preaches to you!"

Indignant, she addresses the preacher. "*Par ma foi!* Messire," she cried, "with all reverence, I dare say to you and to swear, under pain of my life, that my King is the noblest and wisest Christian in the world, who loves the Faith and the Church, and is not at all what you say."

Aghast at this reply, Erard and Cauchon gave orders to the usher for silence, and the preacher ended his sermon.

"Jeanne, the judges many times have summoned you and required you to submit yourself, you and your deeds, to our Holy Mother Church. Among those sayings and doings were many things which, for the clergy, were neither good to hear nor to maintain."

A SAINT ENGAOLED: Joan of Arc, shackled in her prison, after she had saved France from the English and crowned the spineless Charles VII at Rheims

"I will reply to you," answered Jeanne. "As for submission to the Church, I have asked the judges that all my acts and words may be sent to Rome, before our Holy Father the Pope, to whom, God first, I will account myself."

They explain to her. "That will not do. One cannot, for your affair, fetch the Holy Father the Pope from such a distance. He has his judges here, in the diocese. They represent our Holy Mother Church, to which it is necessary that you submit yourself."

Three times they renewed this admonition. One of the judges then offered to send her *procès* to the Pope, for him to judge.

She refused. "I do not wish for that. I should not know what you put in the *procès*. I wish to be brought before the Pope and for him to question me."

Then Bishop Cauchon prepared to pronounce the sentence. He had come to Saint Ouen, supplied with two alternatives: one, in case Jeanne d'Arc abjured her errors, the other, in case she persevered. The first abandoned her to the secular justice, the other, to perpetual imprisonment. Of these two sentences he took the more rigorous, and began to read. Whilst he read the clerics massed round Jeanne, pressing her to submit. "Recant, there is still time! Put on woman's clothes! Do what you are told—and you will be set free."

"I have done nothing wrong," she replied. "I believe the twelve articles of the Creed and in the Ten Commandments, and I put myself under the Roman Court, and believe all which the Holy Gospel teaches."

The Bishop breaks off his reading. They took the opportunity to read to Jeanne a paper prepared beforehand. "Recant, recant," counselled the clergy. "Jeanne, recant. Submit yourself," cried the crowd, some compassionate voices among them.

She replies: "I do not know what I have to recant."

They tell her: "Sign. If you go against these articles you will be burned," and they point out the executioner and his cart.

— MAY, 1931

We have asked Professor Brousson who wrote in "The Sphere" of February 28 that charming exposition of the personality of the Maid in which he discussed the problem of her actual appearance, her mode of speech, and her outward bearing during her days of success and of trial, to give to our readers some account of what was happening to Joan in these last days of May just five hundred years ago. M. Brousson has recently produced a volume dealing with all the intimate sayings of the Maid; here he gives us details of an episode which took place in the Cimetière St. Ouen, an episode which the historians are apt to condense or overlook. It was here, amid these temporary platforms loaded with clergy, that her recantation was supposed to have taken place. Professor Brousson who has just written a book incorporating all traditions, legendary, and historical, upon La Pucelle, *maintains that it was in reality no recantation at all but a credo in which she stood firm by her King and her Voices.*

THE TRIBUNAL: The clerical board of inquisitors and bishops which condemned, on evidence little appreciated and on the basis of laws less understood to-day, the Maid to the stake

Then she declares in a loud voice:

"I will refer myself to the universal Church whether I ought to abjure or not."

Some ecclesiastics tried to seduce her with promises. "If you sign you will be put into the hands of the Church. You will have a woman to guard you. You will go to mass. You will receive the sacrament, or you will be burned."

"Jeanne," pleaded the crowd, "do what they tell you. Do you want to die?"

Beset on all sides, she moaned.

"You take great trouble to seduce me." One party pitied La Pucelle—the other, on the contrary, feared to see her escape death by burning as a sorceress. Some high personages on the platform addressed the judges. Laurent Calot cried to Bishop Cauchon, who had not concluded the rigorous sentence:

"You are judging wrongly! You are a traitor to the King, your master."

The Earl of Warwick could not restrain himself. "The King's affairs are in a bad way. This girl will escape us."

"My lord," replied a doctor, "do not be worried, we will catch her."

Deceived by the promises of the clergy who made her anticipate a more decent captivity, and the services of mass and the sacraments, and also stupefied by the opposing voices of the people who cried: "A mort! Sign!" Jeanne declared, "I submit myself to the judgment of the Church, praying St. Michael to direct and counsel me."

Thus, in this pretended recantation, this public denial of her Voices and her King, she really remained faithful to her King for whom she had taken the sword of Fierbois and the dress of a man, to the shining Voices which had appeared to her in the form of St. Michael—in short, her recantation was a confirmation. It was a *credo*.

Without a pause Jean Massieu, the usher, read to her a little paper. An ironic smile spread over the face of La Pucelle, so near to death. This gaiety seemed to provoke the English and their partisans. "This is trifling," they declared; "Jeanne is only mocking."

Someone held out a pen to La Pucelle. She admitted, "I know neither A nor B—but for spinning and embroidering there is no woman in Rouen who can equal me." The illiterate shepherdess made a cross at the bottom of the paper.

Bishop Cauchon drew from his sleeve the second more merciful sentence, and substituted it for the more vigorous one. The sentence declared—"Because thou hast sinned rashly against God and the Holy Church, we, your judges, in order that you proceed to a salutary penitence . . . we condemn thee, finally and definitely, to perpetual imprisonment having the bread of sorrow and the water of affliction to the end, that thou bewailest thy faults and commit no more."

La Pucelle gasped, as if coming out of a nightmare.

"You, people of the Church, lead me to your prisons that I may be no longer in the hands of the English."

The paper of renunciation, extorted from La Pucelle, contained, according to witnesses, only seven or eight lines, but in the *procès* it was found to have more than fifty, the rest having been interpolated. Jeanne had neither denied her King nor her Voices.

On May 27, Trinity Sunday, a rumour spread over Rouen. La Pucelle, who had retaken the clothes of her sex, had that morning dressed herself again in the clothes of a man. How had she been able to find them? Who had slipped them as a temptation near her pallet bed? The judges hastened to the prison, Bishop Cauchon at their head. They oppressed her with questions—"Why have you retaken man's clothing which you had forsworn?" She replied to the Bishop, "I prefer to die than to be in fetters. I would rather make my penitence once, that is to say, die, than endure for a long time the punishment of prison."

During her captivity her gaolers, many times, had attempted to violate her. One day the Earl of Warwick heard her cries and came to her help.

When Bishop Cauchon came out of the prison his face was beaming with joy. To Warwick, the Englishman, he laughingly threw the words, "Farewell! Farewell!"

Jeanne was taken. She had relapsed again into heresy. She who had called to the Holy Church and to the Pope had rebelled against the Pope and the Holy Church.

Shall we relate the martyrdom in the Market Place, that 30th May, 1431? The picture is unforgettable. There are the seven words of Christ. There are seven words of La Pucelle.

When this virgin was led to the espousal of the fire she groaned, "Alas! alas! . . . that my body, clean and pure, that was never corrupted, should to-day be consumed and reduced to cinders. I appeal to God, the Great Judge, against the injustice which has been done to me!"

To the Bishop of Beauvais, to the man of two parties, of two countries, of two sentences, she cries, "Bishop, I die for you! If you had put me in the prison of the church this would not have happened."

Perceiving Maître Pierre, "Where shall I be this evening?"

"Have you not good hope in our Saviour?" he asked.

"Yes, God helping me, I shall be this evening in Paradise."

When they bound around her head the band with the infamous words "heretic, schismatic," she protested. "I am neither heretic, nor schismatic." And while they tied her to the stake she murmured, "St. Michael! St. Michael!"

In the flames, athirst for water, she refreshed herself from the fountains of Jesus. She implored, without ceasing, the aid of the saints who had appeared to her in the springtime, in her girlhood. And it was while uttering the word "Jesus" that she gave up her spirit.

After four hours the fire went out. But, in the cinders, to the emotion of the executioner, they found her heart and her entrails. By the order of the Cardinal they were thrown into the Seine. As for the people, like the crowd at Calvary, they retired striking their breasts, "We have burnt a saint!"

Tressart, secretary to the King of England, who had just been a witness of the martyrdom, declared that he had seen the death of a faithful Christian. "Her soul, I believe, is in the hands of God, and damned all those who condemned her."

The most moved was the executioner, who trembled before the cinders. Some declared that they had seen lightning above the flames, at the name of Jesus. Others had seen a dove—the dove of *la Sainte Ampoule et du Sacre!*"

JOAN OF ARC

1429

February 23—Left Vaucouleurs.
March 6—Arrived at Chinon and saw the Dauphin.
April 27—Set out from Blois for Orléans.
May 8—Relief of Orléans (day kept as festival ever since).
June 12—Took Jargeau.
June 15—Took Meun.
June 18—Took Beaugency.
June 19—Defeated English at Patay.
July 17—Crowned Dauphin at Rheims.
1430—May 23—Captured at Compiègne.
1430—December—Thrown into a prison at Rouen.
1431—May 30—Burnt at Rouen.

"WE ARE BURNING A SAINT": The Maid of Orléans, condemned as a criminal and a heretic, reaches her apotheosis, May 30, 1431

The EMPIRE of the R

Western Dress Permeates Even the Traditional Cere

Archery at a Ceremony: Mr. Kako Neya, the expert of the Japan Archery Association, looses the first bolt at the contest held on the eighteenth anniversary of the death of the Dowager Empress Shoken, consort of the Emperor Meiji

A Ritual and Celebrational Dance: The Kimigayo Dance, which invok the forecourt of the Palace by 400 women patriots. The evolutions are almost military figure in morning coat, stiff collar, bow tie, and spats should assist at a function redolent is ubiquitous. A trace of the *ancien régime* is, however, to be found

The Gratitude of the Bald: At a shrine in Japan a number of bald men assembled to pray to the deity presiding over the shrine for his continued protection of their shining pates and to give thanks for the favours they had theretofore received. The majority even of these members of a past generation were in western dress

In Commemoration of the Birth of Gautama: The *Hanamatsuri*, or at Hibiya Park, Tokio. This was attended by a concourse of 100,000. The Emperor Buddhist), were also present. The procession of little girls in the traditional garb of Budd spectators—for the great bulk of the men and e

RISING SUN

Ceremonial of Old Nippon

ch invokes a blessing on the Imperial House of Japan, was recently performed in military in their precision. It is strangely typical of the Japan of 1931 that a redolent of traditional Nippon—but the great movement towards Occidentalization e found in the head-dress even this modern figure has adopted

An Echo of the Samurai: The opening of Sumida Park, Tokio, at which the youngest brother of the Mikado, Prince Sumi, was present, was marked by a procession of the *Daimyo*—the feudal lord. The participants wore the dress of the Samurai of 300 years ago—the heyday of Japanese feudalism

uri, or Flower Festival, held in honour of the birth of the great religious founder of the Orient, held Emperor and Empress of Siam, the great stronghold of pure Buddhism (Japan is Shintoist as well as of Buddhism is seen above. The most notable feature of the procession was, however, provided by the en and even some of the women were clad in European dress

The New Premier of Japan: Baron Reijiro Wakatsuki and Mrs. Tokuko Wakatsuki removed to the Premier's official residence, Kojimachi, Tokio, to take office. Baron Wakatsuki succeeded Mr. Hamaguchi as Prime Minister last April. He is seen above in the "No. 10, Downing Street" of Japan

THE UNDERSTUDY: *Two impressions of Mr. Robert Naylor, the understudy who so successfully stepped into the shoes of Herr Tauber at Drury Lane, when the latter fell ill*

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

"The Land of Smiles."

It is, I think, an error of artistic taste to allow any entertainment to depend completely on one person. By all means have a "star." But that star should not shine so brightly that everyone and everything in the neighbourhood must be reduced to the tenth magnitude. Not only is the taste questionable. It is not even good business. Drury Lane opened with Richard Tauber and *The Land of Smiles*, and promptly continued for some all-important nights with *The Land of Smiles* but without Richard Tauber, absent through illness. *Hamlet* could spare the prince very much more easily than *The Land of Smiles* could spare Richard Tauber (indeed, I have often wanted to see a performance of *Hamlet* without Hamlet—an arrangement which would be useful for revue purposes and would save a large salary. But that is by the way). I can only hope that Mr. Scott, Old Drury's new impresario, was canny enough to insure against Herr Tauber's indispositions.

Let us consider Herr Tauber's voice first, for after that there is not a vast amount to consider. It is a fine voice—resonant, true, and powerful. He is not, like so many German tenors, a forced-up baritone given to bleating. He has the Italian roundness, but unlike most Italian tenors, he is also a musician. His appearance is not exactly in his favour for heroic rôles: his trick of crouching and holding his hands as if he were a wrestler casting round for an opportunity to grab his opponent and perform the half-Nelson on him has something sinister about it. But the personality is there. He battled against the enormous difficulties of speaking dialogue in near-English, singing near-Puccini in German, and being starred as a near-Chinaman in a story that is nearly *Mr. Wu* and nearly *Madame Butterfly* and not nearly as good as either. There is, however, nothing "near" about the production, which is extremely lavish.

Herr Tauber is not the best tenor London has known since Caruso, in spite of the hullabaloo in the Drury Lane gallery on the first night. Better tenors can be heard almost any night a few yards away at Covent Garden. But on them the limelight of publicity does not beat so fiercely, and their salaries (which, believe me, are not small) are not trumpeted to the four winds of Heaven. However, he is a very very good tenor, and I only hope Mr. Scott will keep him well provided with emulsion for his extremely precious throat.

The Land of Smiles, as a play, proceeds unhumorously on lines which not even Captain Harry Graham, who has adapted it from the German, could save from being sesquipedalian. A Viennese blonde in the dignified circles of the Corps Diplomatique falls in love with the Chinese Ambassador (what fun if such things happened in Portland Place!). They marry and go to China, where the blonde finds her husband's polygamy distasteful. At first he exercises Oriental despotism when she wants to leave him; in real life, had such a preposterous situation arisen, he would have gone on exercising it until the end of the chapter. Since this is musical-comedy and the Chinaman is a tenor and the hero *and* Herr Tauber, he relents, nobly sacrificing his own happiness for the sake of that of the woman he loves, since East is East, etc., etc., etc.

Miss Renée Bullard, the blonde, was not always happy with either her gestures or her accent. She sings well, but sinks rather unluckily between the two stools of the musical-comedy heroine and the operatic prima donna. Mr. Bruce Winston bounced about quite amusingly as a plump Oriental soprano, and Miss Hella Kurty made a hit as a quaint mixture of Anna May Wong and Emma Haig, sent in a box of toys from Nuremberg. Franz Lehar composed better music when he was in lighter—and more original—vein. But he has the gumption to go to first-rate models, and he scores beautifully.

"The Hairy Ape."

Like *The Land of Smiles*, *The Hairy Ape* is a one-man show. It is intended, of course, to be an immensely "strong" play. Mr. Eugene O'Neill has always gone in for writing "strong" plays, though I have always had the notion that, as a dramatist, Mr. O'Neill has the wood-painted-to-look-like-iron touch about him. He is remarkably and unnecessarily fond of lurid adjectives, but they rarely seem to come naturally, and it is difficult to rid oneself of the impression that he pops in a "bloody" here and there in order to give an atmosphere of rugged virility to his work. But strong language has never made a strong play, and never will.

The Hairy Ape has been published and so much talked about that we may take its plot as read. As a parable in several acts it did not give me a thrilling or even an interesting evening at the Ambassadors, though it was well acted and well produced, the scene in the stokehold of the liner being admirably done. The grim realism, the ruthlessness of machinery (and of the social system) were suggested with magnificent force and directness. But the material wears thin and becomes tedious. It would surely have served far better for a one-act play.

I liked Mr. Sydney Morgan's quiet pathos as the old hand who yearned for the cleaner days of sail, and it was curious to see Mr. Lawrence Hanray in this galley after years of playing timid curates and fussy solicitors. Mr. Paul Robeson gave a superb performance as "Yank," though he is better in his moments of fierce rage and resentment than in his rather maudlin self-pity. He, too—though it was the fault of the part and not of the actor—grew monotonous. After an hour or so I decided that I preferred, on the whole, Hank, the mule, to Yank, the stoker.

At the Opera.

It is a pity that Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier* could not be retained in the repertory at Covent Garden throughout at any rate the German season, and a performance given of it at least once a week. A gorgeous, luscious thing! It is the fashion to call it *baroque* or, if you prefer the word, *rococo*. Whatever it is, it is mighty pleasant, and four performances seem all too few for those who wish to hear Richard Strauss at his best. There are many obstacles in the way of repeating *Der Rosenkavalier* frequently, one of them being the enormous fees the composer demands, for Strauss, unlike most geniuses, is a keen business man. Another is that the cast becomes scattered, its members being under contract to appear elsewhere. Margit Angerer, the Octavian, for instance, who is a pretty woman and a good actress but as a singer a bit of a wobbler, had to get back to Germany before the last performance, at which her part was taken by Madame Olczewska, who was in glorious voice. I have rarely seen such comedy, opera or no opera, as that Richard Mayr showed as Baron Ochs. There are rumours of a production with an English cast at Covent Garden in the autumn. *Tant mieux*. One cannot really have too much of a good thing.

Die Zauberflöte came in rather sharp contrast, for it is simple and straightforward in every respect save in its libretto, of which I defy anyone to give a coherent account.

A LA CHINOISE: *Mr. George Vollaire, Miss Renée Bullard, and Miss Hella Kurty, at Drury Lane*

"The Good Companions."

Mr. Julian Wylie has taken hold of J. B. Priestley's *The Good Companions* with both hands, and has hurled it at the public as if it were a Leeds pantomime or a Hippodrome revue. Here are hustle and bustle and ultra-showmanship, and had twenty-four little girls with voices like corn-crakes periodically strutted across the stage of His Majesty's Theatre while this play was in progress I would not have been in the least surprised. Only at one moment did Mr. Wylie exercise restraint: he allowed Jess Oakroyd to walk up the gang-plank of the American-bound liner without the accompaniment of a male chorus in oilskins singing jazzed sea-chanties.

And I would not care to bet that Mr. Wylie has not been absolutely right. This was probably the only way to put this big, sprawling, but brilliantly interesting novel on the stage. After all, it is about the provinces, so let the provincialism be thorough. Mr. Wylie is an indefatigable worker, and he has the sense of the stage; he is, indeed, the High Priestley of this sort of thing. And if Mr. Edward Knoblock has not exactly made a play out of the book he causes much joy to those who have read it, and does not leave blithered and puzzled those who have not.

The only fault is a tendency to over-emphasize. Whether certain players have been told to do this or whether they have done it on their own account, the fault is there. I suspect the latter, since incomparably the best performances were those given by people who were quiet and unstagy. Mr. Edward Chapman as Jess was magnificent throughout; this is one of the finest efforts the London stage has seen for a long time. Not an intonation was out of place, not a movement. Admirable, too, were Mr. Frank Pettingell as Sam Oglethorpe, Miss Beatrix Feilden-Kaye as Mrs. Oakroyd, Miss Viola Compton as Mrs. Joe, and Mr. Edwin Ellis as Jimmy Nunn. Mr. Laurence Baskcomb gave an elaborate sketch of Morton Mitcham—a neat mixture of Jingle and old Telfer of *Treluwney of the Wells*. This is a stage figure, of course, but it has to be. The scene in the music publisher's office was photographic; here Mr. Wylie is very sure indeed of his ground.

But Mr. John Gielgud and Miss Adele Dixon were far less successful. The former seemed deliberately theatrical and insincere; except that his pipe was nearly always in his mouth and his hands nearly always in his pockets, this was a Shakespearean performance which was just what was not wanted. And Miss Dixon never rang true as Susie Dean.

But the apparently impossible has been achieved, and *The Good Companions* must assuredly be seen.

Special "Sphere" pictures

"THE LAND OF SMILES": *Herr Richard Tauber singing in the latest Drury Lane venture by Franz Lehar*

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THE SCENE OF THE DRAMA: *The tiny pond in New Square, Lincoln's Inn, which houses two ducks and three drakes*

DUCKS and DRAKES in Lincoln's INN

Marital Felicity and Infelicity in the Pond in New Square

A correspondent of The Times *has written the following amusing account of ornithological developments that have recently taken place in Lincoln's Inn :—*

In the Spring of last year two wild ducks, a drake and hen mallard, having paid a preliminary visit of inspection to Lincoln's Inn and found the tiny pond in New Square to their taste, returned to nest there. This incident has been chronicled in the Society's "Black Book," the continuous record of the Inn since 1422, there having been no previous mention of such an occurrence. In due course the hen laid five eggs, and when she began to sit (in a nest partially provided by means of an inviting basket), the drake, unconcerned with mere family duties, flew away. Presently three of the eggs were hatched; and three vigorous ducklings, never leaving the skirt-feathers of their attentive mother, made enjoyable but destructive havoc among water-lilies and their leaves until mid-autumn. One day in the autumn the ducklings, being by then full-grown ducks of uncertain sex, were caught and had chicken-rings fastened round their legs, with a view to subsequent identification. An attempt to treat their mother similarly was resented and successfully resisted: she both avoided capture and took flight for good. The ducklings, who had never previously been known to fly, only to flutter, splashed about on the pond, apparently indifferent to their bereavement, for a day or two longer, and then with one consent mounted skyward and flew away north, whence their parents had originally come. This year a duck visited the pond as early as February 21, departed next day, returned with a drake on the 28th and the pair, having flown away after a few hours' inspection, returned to take up their abode there on March 16. The hen laid seven eggs and began to sit; whereupon the drake took leave of her. A few days later an egg disappeared, and within forty-eight hours three more eggs were abstracted from the nest, presumably by rats. Wire protection was provided and three new eggs, bought as fertile, were put into the nest to console the lady and perhaps deceive her. She continued to sit, but half-heartedly. A day or two later, on Wednesday last, May 6, a surprising incident occurred. The drake returned with a new hen! Neither of his wives seemed to resent the bigamy. For most of the morning he sat on the bank between them, like a contented Sultan. The only sign of jealousy was that his first wife displayed a renewed interest in her husband, and it is feared that she has become less concerned with her prospective family. In the course of the day wife No. 2 carried out her marital duty by laying an egg on the bank. This has been placed by hand in a second nest. This morning (Thursday) a still more startling episode has occurred. Two new drakes have arrived! So a pond approximately circular and barely 15 ft. in diameter is now the habitation of three drakes and two ducks; and as two nests are now in use there is a possibility of still more serious overcrowding. None of the tribe has a ringed leg. The drakes are not openly at war, but they have had some sparring matches. A great change this from the peaceful and moral domesticity of last year. Further developments are awaited with interest and curiosity.

IN RESIDENCE: *The three drakes and two ducks on the tiny pond. One pair arrived in February but the drake flew away and returned with another duck. Now two other drakes have arrived—none of them being the birds that were bred in the Inn last year*

THE PROTAGONISTS OF THE DRAMA: *The two ducks and three drakes which, though quite wild, have elected to set up housekeeping in Lincoln's Inn. There has already been a little preliminary sparring over the problem as to which bird shall be "odd drake out"*

The ESSAYS of a BIOGRAPHER

Mr. Lytton Strachey in his Happiest Vein and an Enthusiastic Biography

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

I am very doubtful whether it should be held for righteousness that Mr. Lytton Strachey has become the founder of a new school of biography I can see him in the Immortal Fields being angrily arraigned by a host of dispossessed immortals. They will assert that, with a slightly malicious wit, in an obsession with merely physical details, he has practised as an unregistered doctor, pronouncing diagnoses upon the great characters of history. It is not a little singular that he is obsessed with the influence of internal disorders, and when one of the victims behaves in an erratic fashion Mr. Strachey is sure to find the cause in the bowels of his subject. It is a singular and delicious trait and has brought him a large measure of fame. It makes the great of the earth so much nearer to ourselves and subject to our limitations. I shall never feel quite the same about the tremendous Gibbon, that tower of intellect and industry, now that I know "a protuberance in the lower part of his person which, owing to years of characteristic *insouciance*, had grown to extraordinary proportions, required attention." And what a fascinating way Dr. Strachey has of despatching his patients! He has the most admirable bedside manner in literature. A touch of humour, a touch of malice, a slight push, and the dying man slips into immortality. Thus Gibbon, "He ate some chicken and drank three glasses of madeira. Life seemed almost as charming as usual. Next morning, getting out of bed for a necessary moment, 'Je suis plus adroit,' he said with his odd smile to his French valet. Back in bed again he muttered something more, a little incoherently, lay back among the pillows, dozed, half woke, dozed again, and became unconscious—for ever."

Perhaps the main reason of Mr. Lytton Strachey's sudden rise to fashion, and that sincerest of all tributes, the foundation of a school of Stracheyism, is to be discovered in his unfailing irreverence for the characters he diagnoses. He insists that they are not only human, but at moments slightly ludicrous. He is not so obvious as to find the wart on the great man's face; a scholar and a gentleman he would scorn to disfigure his subject in so coarse a manner. His investigation is intestinal, and he likes to trace a kink in the mind to a kink in the bowels. But this is only part of the Strachey process of biography which one can study anew in *Portraits in Miniature* (Chatto and Windus. 6s.). In these eighteen brief assessments the felicity of the author's method and style can be seen at their best. He takes the slightest subject, attracted generally by some odd situation, brings it to life with a half-dozen sentences, makes it sparkle with a wit the more delicious because it has to be detected, turns his glance elsewhere, and leaves to dust and time the incident he has illuminated so intensely, if briefly, with his enquiring eyes. It is nine years since Mr. Lytton Strachey published his last book of essays. He has been busy in the interim, and our waiting is well rewarded. This book is a splendid vintage. He has been straying down the byways of history, to encounter the delightful Dr. North, who "lay on his bed, in reckless levity, pouring forth a stream of flippant observations, and naughty stories and improper jokes," or Muggleton, who founded the sect of the Muggletonians, or Sir John Harington, who failed as a courtier but invented the water-closet, or Dr. Colbatch, who spent his whole life attacking Bentley, the Master of Trinity College, or Hume, the philosopher, with more trouble in the bowels "which has been gradually undermining me these two years," or John Aubrey, who "had a terrible fit of the spleen and piles at Orleans."

Recently Mr. H. M. Tomlinson paused delightfully at Dijon and gave us his reflections. Now it is Mr. Strachey's turn. His inquiring mind has discovered that it was the capital of Burgundy, with a provincial *parlement*, that it produced Charles de Brosses, its president, a wit, a scholar, a lawyer, and man of the world. But why does he come into the picture? Nothing escapes Mr. Strachey. Voltaire bought Tourney, the neighbouring property to Verney, on a life-tenancy from de Brosses. The sum was 35,000 francs and it included the title of count. The new Comte de Tourney was sixty-four and, he declared, on the point of death. But he went on living and the domain was allowed to go to rack and ruin. The President de Brosses protested. And then the storm broke, actually over a load of wood. From that storm the president emerged into history as the only man who had ever got the better of Voltaire. But the old vulture had a tardy revenge. Ten years later, when de Brosses hoped to satisfy a life-long ambition to become a member of the Academy, Voltaire set to work and baulked him. So for 281 francs, the cost of that disputed bill for wood, de Brosses lost the immortality of the Academy. But his shade must feel comforted now that he has provided Mr. Lytton Strachey with a delightful essay. Only once does the author escape from his air of ironical detachment, and then it is to tell a story about his grandfather who was once travelling to Paris with Carlyle. At the end of the journey, made by coach, the postilion asked for a tip, but the reply was a curt refusal in the words, "Vous avez drivé devilish slow!" the reckless insularity of which remark, says the author, "illustrates well enough the extraordinary change which had come over the English governing classes since the eighteenth century."

A slapdash enthusiasm characterizes Mr. F. A. Mackenzie's book, *Lord Beaverbrook* (Jarrold's. 18s.). It is described as an "authentic" biography, yet the author is careful to state in his preface that it is an unofficial biography. The facts of Lord Beaverbrook's career are remarkable enough to dispense with the loud pæan that resounds throughout the pages of this book. Moreover, Mr. Mackenzie commits some howlers, and hurry is revealed in every sentence. He does not yet seem aware that Mr. Arnold Bennett is dead, and E. R. Thompson, the late editor of *The Evening Standard*, did not write *Tell England*. Mr. Thompson did his journalism under the name of E. T. Raymond, transposing his names. The author of the novel is Ernest Raymond, quite another person, and, happily, alive. If any boy laments the fact that he is not living in the age of Queen Elizabeth, when there were galleons on the Spanish Main for the sacking, let him read this life of the obscure New Brunswick boy, who was a millionaire at thirty-one, with a series of industrial triumphs behind him and the most amazing part of his career still before him. The son of a Presbyterian minister, there must have been something in the air as well as the blood, for the Province of New Brunswick produced another remarkable man, destined to become young Aitken's firm friend, and a Prime Minister of Great Britain, Bonar Law. The story of young Aitken's sudden descent upon Ashton-under-Lyne, his triumph, his entrance into the political field, his courageous recognition of failure in the House, is one of the most dazzling in recent history. Tremendous determination, tireless industry, the pioneer spirit, healthy stock, and an early environment free from the mental and physical restrictions of sophisticated society, these were the forces added to the spark of inherent genius. The last third of the book is devoted to the genesis and the aims of Lord Beaverbrook's newest crusade for Empire Free Trade. The youth who made a million in Canada, the man who made a newspaper in Fleet Street, has now passed on to the still vaster field of Empire-building. This book ends on p. 288. It may be that the most astonishing chapters have yet to be written.

Walking across St. James's Square the other day with George Bernard Shaw I wondered whether there was a man living who was a finer example of careful eating and dangerous thinking. With that supreme lack of tact which has been the chief quality in a long life of audacity, he had just told a large luncheon party of Fleet Street journalists that they were allowed to do anything but write the truth, and was cheered; and in the presence of a peer of the realm and two millionaires he had given the Soviet Republic a certificate of longevity. And now here he is again, as reckless and endearing as ever. It is the custom when an artist dies for a memorial exhibition of his work to be held. That is his real funeral. He cannot survive himself. All the man's faults are massed together, repeated in glaring emphasis. G. B. S. is a brave man to put forth this book, *The Plays of Bernard Shaw* (Constable. 12s. 6d.). From a point of view of value, paper alone considered, it is amazing: 1,131 pages of double-columned type, clear if small. The book contains thirty-nine plays, the Thirty-nine Articles of the creed of G. B. S. It is enough to undermine the British Empire, but the British Empire goes on, and G. B. S. goes on, to the delight of both, I am sure. Yet it is a strange G. B. S. who is presented to us here. Almost as unrecognizable as would be a G. B. S. without his beard; for that beard, like Mr. Chesterton's chins, has entered into literary history. This is a Shaw without his prefaces. It has been said, I think wrongly, that the prefaces are the most important thing about the work of Shaw. They certainly contain his finest writing.

Whether the plays, as plays, will live, it is too early to say, and the least concerned about that is their author who has always enjoyed the vivid present. If they are journalism, what bright, effective journalism they have been! Shaw has performed the task of Swedish masseur to the stiff limbs of the British public, and if sometimes he has given us a wrench and provided us with a doctor's dilemma he has made life more flexible for the younger generation. And Shaw being Shaw, I do not think this tremendous volume will bury him. By the healthy gleam of his skin, the erectness of his spare figure, the jauntiness with which he wore his mackintosh, there is no certainty that he will not yet, in the seventies, produce another such volume. For be it noted, the title is careful not to state that, though the book contains the complete plays, it is a collected edition. Would ever G. B. S. forgo the last word?

I have read every page of the eight stories in Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's new volume, *Far from my Home* (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.). I have not found one story that has any point, that seems to be going anywhere, that has any vital or interesting thing to relate. A daughter gets married to the annoyance of her mother—and that is all in *A Change of Owners*. The other stories lack interest similarly. Does the art consist in avoiding interest, in describing dull people dully? This may be Mr. Sitwell's aim. It leaves me bewildered and disappointed. And I feel sure the author knows little about the lives of the poor. Poor people have a sense of humour; it is their chief quality. There is not a glimmer of it here. "Four years remainder of the lease was still to run, so if Mrs. Quarterley could manage to pay the rent, at any rate there was a home for herself." But why pay rent when the lease remains?

The story of an interned German, with the mentality that internment induces, is well told in Mr. Cohen-Portheim's book, *Time Stood Still* (Duckworth. 8s. 6d.), but the book would be better if it was half the length and much irrelevant matter cut out. Mr. Cohen-Portheim has a mind interested in everything and everybody, but dissertations *à la* Weininger are surely out of place in an Isle of Man internment camp. This book vividly portrays the incredible stupidity of humanity, the dementia that passes for patriotism when nations go to war. We are told the book is "frank and terrible." Happily the charges that an interned alien makes against us are very light. Compared with the story of some of the German camps, our own seem like nursing homes.

Maria Fernanda, by Hubert De La Ossa (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.), is a story of a young duchess who, in an atmosphere of gross sensuality, gradually achieved the reputation of a saint and whose saintliness cheated her of love. It is a story delicately told by one of the foremost young writers of Spain, and will be enjoyed by all lovers of fine writing.

Recommended List:

Guilty or Not Guilty, *by Guy Russell* **(Hutchinson. 12s. 6d. net).**—The story of fifty famous crimes in various countries. Illustrated.

Whaling in the Antarctic, *by A. G. Bennett* **(Blackwood. 7s. 6d. net).**—The epic of modern whaling by a Falkland Islands whaler.

The Eliza Books, *by Barry Pain* **(T. Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d. net).**—Five stories collected together of the late Barry Pain's famous creation, Eliza.

An Outline of the Universe, *by J. G. Crowther* **(Routledge. 12s. 6d. net).**—A survey of the life forces creating our existence and controlling it. The march of scientific progress is succinctly told.

Jump! *by Don Glassman* **(Arrowsmith. 10s. 6d. net).**—These are the chronicles of the Caterpillar Club. Members of this are drawn from those who have saved their lives by forced jumps from disabled balloons or aeroplanes. A thrill on every page.

So You're Going to Spain, *by Clara Laughlin* **(Methuen. 10s. 6d. net).**—If you are, this is the latest addition to a famous series that is chatty and informative.

WOMEN of DISTINCTION

A Septette of Personalities in the Feminine Sphere

AT THE MAZE RACES: Miss A. Rogers and Miss Jean Gordon at the famous race meeting in Co. Down find fur coats still indispensable—even in May !

THE FIRST WOMAN SALES MANAGER: Miss Margaret Gordon of Muswell Hill is the first member of her sex to win the diploma of the Incorporated Sales Managers' Association

RIVAL CLAIMS: Mrs. Strawson, the distinguished tennis player, endeavours to press upon her small son Jock the claims of the racquet—but he remains loyal to the bat

FLOWERS FOR THE DUCHESS: A posy offered by a little patient in the Harrow Hospital. The bonnet worn by H.R.H. strikes a new seasonal note

IN THE GAY CAPITAL: Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg, who are two of the most notable members of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation. Mr. Thalberg is a well-known producer while Mrs. Thalberg is famous under the name of Miss Norma Shearer, the film star

A LADY OF LEGAL HONOURS: Miss L. I. M. Thomas, the only woman in the country to get into the Honours list in the final of the Law Society Examinations

MISS GERMANY: The scene in the Eden Hotel, Berlin, when the Baroness Freyberg, who is better known by her stage name of Daisy D'Ora, was elected to represent her country out of many competitors. The immediate result of the Baroness's election was a film contract in Paris

The WORLD of WOMEN

For Milady's TOILET

The Latest Adjuncts for the Modern Dressing-Table

Miss 1931 at her dressing-table

To-day every woman is a convert to the cult of beauty, and the care of the complexion is of primary importance in one's daily life. Whilst there are many varied schools of beauty culture, all are agreed that cleanliness is the basis of all beauty.

The pores of the skin must nightly be free to breathe, and for this end every vestige of the dust and powder which collects during the day must be removed. And naturally every trace of cosmetic must be cleansed from the face and neck before retiring.

Whether or not soap should be used for one's face provides a topic of continual controversy among recognized beauty experts. And at the moment the weight of opinion is definitely for soap, providing, of course, the soap is pure and made from animal fat. If this be so it will neither dry the skin nor provoke roughness. Naturally if one lives in a district where the water is hard neither soap nor water should be used on the face too frequently—a good complexion cream or milk should take its place.

The delicate scent of the red rose has been captured in this exquisite perfume, bath salts and powder, and toilet soap. Floris of Jermyn Street

The necklace in the top left-hand corner is composed of imitation jade and china. It costs 29s. 6d. That to the right is made of painted wood and china beads —17s. 6d. Of the two below one has large round beads of plaited brown and yellow leather—28s. 6d. Metal and china beads are used for the fourth—48s. 6d. From Liberty

A delightful solid silver brush set with a semi-dull and satin-like finish. The brushes and mirror are ornamented with niello work. The trays are quite plain. From Liberty

A group of toilet preparations perfumed with the elusive scent of the stephanotis flower. From Floris of Jermyn Street, W.1

The toilet soap illustrated on this page is made by a well-known perfumier; delicately scented, it is of course guaranteed to be made from animal fat.

For the bath delicious concentrated bath essences are made in delicate flower perfumes, especially refreshing is the rose geranium. A non-greasy cream adapted for use in the day time is also made by this same perfumier which forms an excellent base for powder, and at the same time protects and nourishes the skin.

In conjunction with the use of a day-time cream—it is well that the skin should be thoroughly cleansed and fed at night-time with a good cold cream.

An indispensable adjunct to one's toilet equipment is of course a fine powder which does not clog the pores of the skin. Many women pay more attention to the shade or the perfume of the powder which they happen to be buying than its texture and purity, and this may pave the way to skin trouble later on.

It is a curious fact that frequently woman's quest of beauty ends with her face. Neck and arms are often almost completely neglected, yet both these features are often woman's greatest claim to charm. Another point that is often noticeable is that a woman is content to use the first bath powder that happens to come her way, forgetting the fact that after a hot or even a warm bath the pores of the body are relaxed, and by applying a coarse or impure powder we are causing a great deal of harm to the skin. An after-the-bath powder should be fine, and should be dusted very lightly on to the body.

Marjorie Day

THE WORLD OF WOMEN (cont.)

Some Homes Abroad

The view from the home of the Baroness Orczy, who is seen enjoying the scenery. There is a fine inlaid mosaic floor in the loggia

The stone balustrade and inlaid terrace, with picturesque jars, and pots of plants and flowers to add to the interest

Another corner overlooking the Lerici Castle and Bay of Spezia, showing the plan of one bit of garden

There is an unusual charm attached to the beautiful Italian home of the Baroness Orczy, overlooking Lerici Castle and the Bay of Spezia, and much of it is due to the garden, which is all the year round a mass of wonderful colours and foliage. The actual site of this house was chosen by the Baroness and her husband some five years ago. With the assistance of a local builder the work was started, but it was quite two years before the roof was on, for Italians work very leisurely, but the finished result is most satisfactory both from an architectural and picturesque point of view. Apart from the house the garden is full of interest.

Detailed plans were drawn for flower borders, lawns, and various paths with paved and inlaid terraces, and carried out carefully. Some of the wilder parts of the land were left as they were, in order to supply a good quantity of olive oil, for Italian cooks use olive oil liberally in cooking nearly everything. The home vegetables were grown in the garden even last year, also a good supply of strawberries, tomatoes, and really good fruit, such as peaches, pears, plums, and many other kinds, but it is too near the sea for growing apples.

A peep through one of the paths showing a corner of Baroness Orczy's house

BEAUTY IN STONE: One of the vaulted vestibules in the Hôtel Choisity de Saint Auban, near Avignon

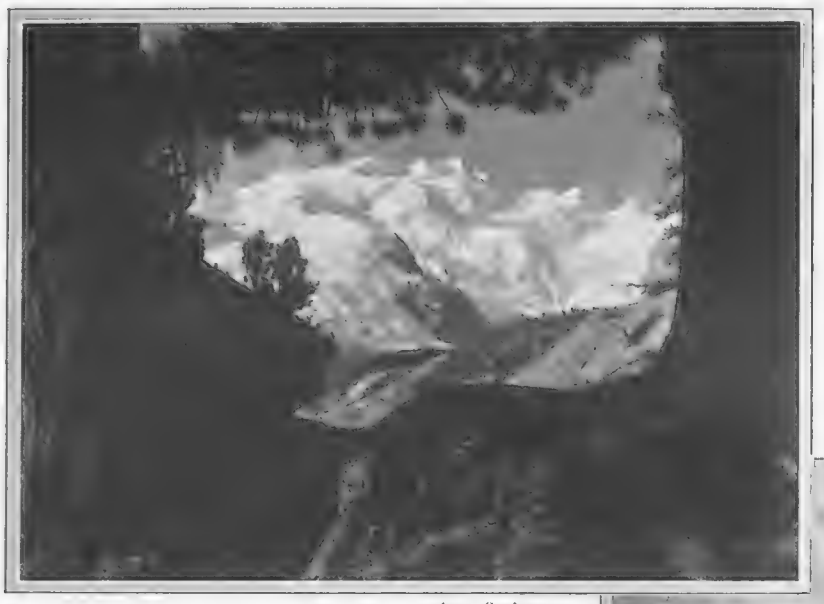
THE DINING HALL: One of the impressive old-world apartments in the Hôtel Choisity de Saint Auban, which houses many historical treasures

TAPESTRIES AND LUSTRE: A corner in the glorious old Hôtel Choisity de Saint Auban

In an historical setting, about ten miles from Avignon, is the ancient Hôtel Choisity de Saint Auban, the home of a French artist. It is one of the picturesque sights, both outside and inside, well worth seeing. Everything has been done to preserve the original old building and its furniture, so that it shall be intact and genuine, for there is history attached to all that is there.

In about 1595 it was the home of a priest, Jean Sauvan, and the original panelled rooms are still in existence. The terraces and passages are noted for their stonework arches and antique doors, which are of great beauty and architectural value. The original ceilings and walls have been kept in good condition, and many of the walls are hung with priceless tapestries.

The home, complete as it is, has passed down from generation to generation, and there are good specimens of Louis XIII to Louis XV, Dutch and Italian Renaissance furniture.



Albert Steiner

A GLORY OF THE ENGADINE: The snow-clad Bella Vista Chain

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

SWITZERLAND *in* SUMMER

Its Infinite Variety of Attraction for Every Type of Traveller

Switzerland is a land of "infinite variety," which beggars all description." There is probably no other area in the world which is so small and yet provides so many sports and amusements. Spring, summer, autumn, winter, all the seasons are provided for. And in the summer Switzerland lays herself out to please most of all. I do not think there is anybody, except those unfortunate people who abominate mountains, who could not spend a delightful summer holiday in Switzerland. With her mountains, valleys, lakes, villages, towns, and fine hotels, Switzerland caters for every taste. Mountaineering, walking tours, golf, tennis, boating, bathing, sun-bathing, fishing, dancing, motoring, every summer sport is to be found. Nature lovers can revel in the flowers and birds. And it is one of those delightful countries that are always scrupulously clean. The smallest village, the smallest inn, they are always clean and bright and tidy.

Mountaineering is not for everybody, but those who enjoy walking will find Switzerland an excellent country. There are plenty of footpaths, and they are really good footpaths. They do not suddenly get tired of the walk and come to rest in a swamp. They go on quite determinedly from one village to another, and are clearly marked on the maps.

If you like walking tours you can walk from one end of Switzerland to the other in three weeks. Accommodation is easy to find, and need not be expensive. A very enjoyable week or two can be spent in walking from Villars, above Montreux, to the Engadine. Two easy days' walk will take you over the low-lying pass between the Diablerets and the Wildhorn to Adelboden, whence you go on to Kandersteg. Another couple of easy days or one long one will take you to Mürren. It is worth staying a day or two in Mürren and going up by train to the Jungfraujoch, and if you wish to have just a taste of mountaineering there is no easier or safer climb than from there to the top of the Jungfrau. This climb only takes three hours, and the view from the summit will well repay such an adventure. From Mürren you can go either by train or on foot across the Kleine Scheidegg to Grindelwald. From there over the Grosse Scheidegg to Meiringen. Then turn south to Grimselp and east again to Andermatt. An easy pass leads in a few hours from Andermatt to Disentis, from where you can either train or walk to whichever part of the Engadine you wish to reach.

The Engadine is an ideal part of Switzerland for a summer holiday. Maloja, at the head of the valley, has an excellent hotel, golf, tennis, boating, bathing, mountain walks, and at the head of the Forno glacier some of the finest rock climbs in the Alps. The valley of the Forno is altogether delightful with its small lake, its glacier, and the fine rocky peaks at the end. If you feel you want a change from Maloja, the Italian lakes are within easy reach.

The Upper Engadine is an excellent centre for excursions both by train and car. One short trip is up the Bernina Pass to the Bernina Hospice from which there is a lovely view of the Bernina Group and away down into Italy and Lake Como. Another very pleasant day's motor run is into the Lower Engadine to Schloss Tarasp, Schuls, and Vulpera.

The Swiss lakes are quite as beautiful as the Italian lakes and, if you want a hot, lazy summer holiday earlier than the Italian lakes season, you will find everything you could wish in Switzerland.

Shneiter Thun

IN THE ZERMATT VALLEY: St. Nicklaus, one of the most charming villages

Lake Thun is particularly charming, with beautiful views of the Jungfrau, the Monch, and the Eiger. At one end of the lake the town of Interlaken, at the other Thun, with places of varying sizes at intervals along the shores. Another very beautiful lake is Lugano, half in Italy and half in Switzerland. Both these lakes are less populated than the bigger Italian and Swiss lakes and, therefore, to my mind almost more charming.

Because Switzerland offers so many good things to the holidaymaker many people think it must be hackneyed and overrun. But this is far from the case. It is much easier to get away from people in Switzerland than it is in England. Short walks quickly lead to woods, valleys, and hill pastures where you will see no one else at all. And to sit in the sun on a green hillside, the silence broken only at intervals by the sound of bells, is to my mind an enchanting way of lazing through a summer afternoon. The clear atmosphere of Switzerland enables sound to travel a very long way, and it is a perpetual matter of amazement to me how one can stand on the side of a high valley and search and search for the cows whose bells can be heard quite distinctly. And eventually one sees them, tiny dots far away on the other side of the valley.

Ruskin was right when he said that the chief beauties of the Alps were within the reach of the cripple and the elderly. Although it is thrilling to fight one's way to the top of some almost inaccessible peak and to see nothing but snow-capped hills stretching as far as the eye can reach, yet many of the best views are to be seen from the valleys. And the famous Swiss mountain railways take those who cannot climb far up into the hills. Even Zermatt, the great centre for mountaineering, provides much for those who do not climb. The view of the Matterhorn, highly praised though it has been, is startlingly fine from Zermatt. The mountain railway that goes up from Zermatt to the Gornergratt brings a superb view of the Alps within the reach of everybody. From here you look across the Gornergletscher to Monte Rosa, the second highest mountain in the Alps, with a good view of the Matterhorn and the Weisshorn.

Every mountaineer goes to Zermatt sooner or later. It is the centre from which many of the greatest climbs in the Alps are undertaken. The Matterhorn, the Dent Blanche, the Weisshorn, the Zinal Rothorn, and Monte Rosa, all have many tales of success, failure, even death to relate. For the beginner there are easy climbs to start with, such as the Riffelalp and the Rimfischorn. The Theodule Pass between the Matterhorn and Monte Rosa, which leads into Italy, is also a simple undertaking.

If you are going to stay at some place which is 5,000 ft. above sea level, do not think that because it is high it will be cold. Zermatt can be swelteringly hot. But it is essential to have warm clothes as well as the thinnest summer ones. In these high mountain valleys, when the sun goes in, the wind can blow icy cold off the snows. But the weather in Switzerland in the summer is usually sunny and warm.

There are plenty of organized amusements such as tennis tournaments, golf matches, horse races, and good music; even, in places, summer ski races. The tennis courts are on the whole very good, and the golfer will find plenty of amusement and excitement on the mountainous courses with their fine springy turf and beautiful views. Many of the courses are open only during the summer months, but those at Basle, Locarno, Geneva, and Aigle are open all the year round.

The first class return fare from London to Coire is £11 7s. 5d., and second class £8 3s. 2d. From here the mountain railways take you on to the Upper Engadine and Arosa. To Interlaken it is about the same price. Montreux on the Lake of Geneva, £10 2s. 5d. and £7 5s. 11d. In all cases the price varies according to whether you go by Dover-Calais, Newhaven-Dieppe, or Southampton-Havre. The first of these is the quickest and the most expensive, and is the one I have quoted. The other routes are in the most cases about £1 cheaper.

M. I. Batten

THE LOVELINESS OF LUCERNE: A vista of the River Reuss

SAILING AMONG THE MOUNTAINS: A sport at Arosa

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, resorts, etc., by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2

THE HUNTING OF THE STOUT

(A long way after Lewis Carroll)

"Pay attention, my men, while with eloquent pen
The seven chief signs I point out
By which you may know, wherever you go,
The perfect and genuine Stout.

"Let us take them in order; the first is the Head
Like foam or like cauliflower tops;
Then the Taste—which, you'll find, is like nectar combined
With a flavour of barley and hops.

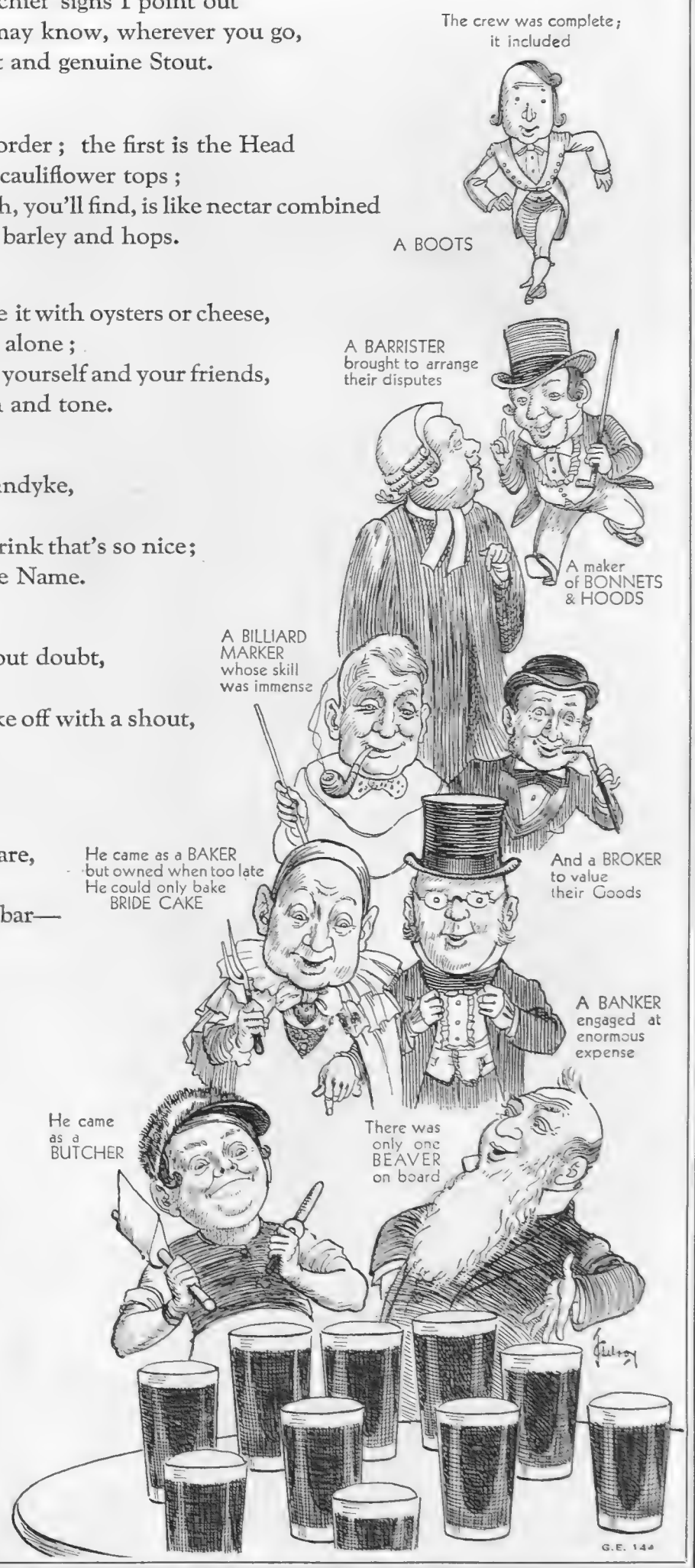
"Then its Use—you may serve it with oysters or cheese,
At dinner, or lunch—or alone;
And its Goodness, for treating yourself and your friends,
And promoting digestion and tone.

"The fifth is the Colour, akin to Vandyke,
Or rubies of opulent flame;
And the sixth—the low Price, for a drink that's so nice;
And the seventh, and last, is the Name.

"For although other Stout does exist without doubt,
Yet I feel it my duty to say,
When it's GUINNESS"—the Bellman broke off with a shout,
For his hearers had hastened away.

He sought them with corkscrews, he
sought them with care,
He pursued them with jugs and speed
To the "Garter and Star," where they'd opened the bar—
A marvellous moment indeed!

In the midst of the words he was trying to say—
'Mid sounds of rejoicing and glee,
They were merrily laughing and quaffing away—
For the Stout *was* a GUINNESS you see!



GUINNESS
IS GOOD FOR YOU

The Art of BESSIE LASKY

THE ARTIST AT WORK: Bessie Lasky (Mrs. Jesse Lasky) at work in her 5th Avenue studio

Forty-nine paintings by Bessie Lasky, the wife of the film magnate, are now on view at the Cooling Galleries in London, in a "one-man" exhibition. Mrs. Lasky, without taking "time off" from her manifold duties as the wife of a more or less public figure and the mother of three children, has managed to gain international fame as an artist. Following her introductory exhibition at the Anderson Galleries in New York in 1925, she had her work accepted by the Paris Salon and purchased by several museums. A national circuit exhibition travelled throughout the United States last year, and during the past summer she was accorded the singular honour of being invited to exhibit thirty of her canvases in the Brooklyn Museum as the American representative in the International Exhibition which provided that institution's summer show.

Slim, chic, and delicately brunette, Mrs. Lasky seems incredibly young for her achievements, both domestic and artistic. Having already attained considerable prominence as a musician, she took up the study of art in response to a sudden impulse nine years ago and painted diligently for several years before she made any effort towards showing her work in public. "I suppose," she said, "that I have more than the usual temptation to be a dilettante, but I am determined to make painting a vocation, not a hobby. Of course it isn't always easy to arrange my time so that neither my home nor my work suffers, but with a little careful planning I can do justice to both. I have a studio in our house in Santa Monica and another in our New York apartment, and I keep pictures in progress in both places. So, wherever I am, I have work which interests me. In California I work a great deal out of doors, and often go away for week-end sketching trips in the Mojave Desert or to the seashore. I have painted a number of my friends' gardens, too. In New York I usually paint still-life arrangements or interiors."

A very successful exhibition of her paintings was held at the galleries of M. Knoedler and Co., in Paris, April 13 to 25.

The exhibition will continue until May 30.

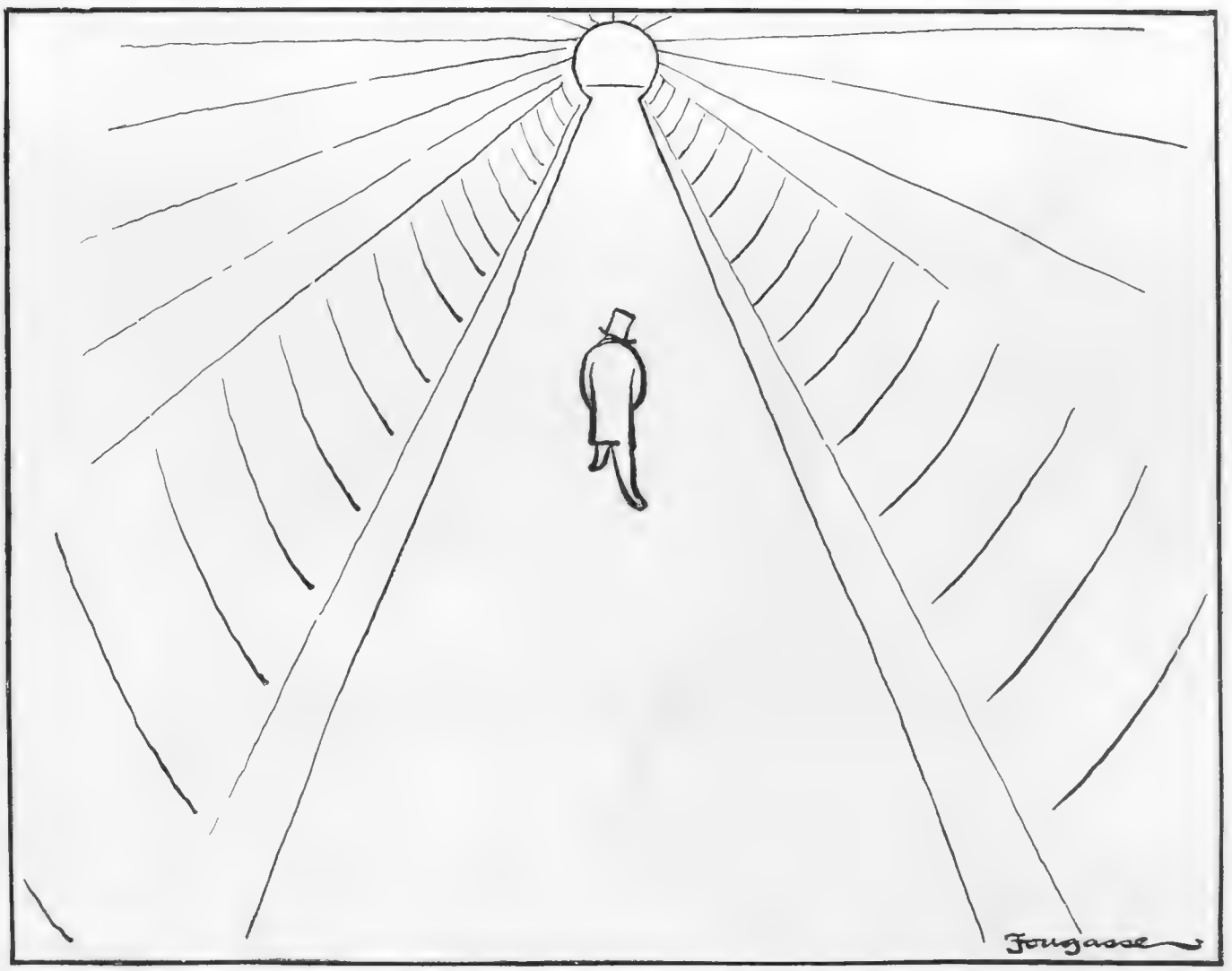
STUDIO CORNER: A tender treatment

"THE GREAT AUNT'S GOWN": A typical canvas by Bessie Lasky demonstrating the intensity of feeling conveyed to the canvas

S.E. 1250

LONDON

WHERE ABDULLAS COME FROM



THE LONDON GUIDE

THE UNDERWORLD

London's Underworld: sinister haunt of the vicious and the criminal (for it must be admitted that criminals do exist in this country, as in all countries where crime is officially recognised).

There are, alas, right here in London, places where even the police cannot go unless they've got their uniforms on, places where the law is (possibly by accident or through sheer carelessness) quite distressingly broken, places where people may be seen openly selling each other cigarettes or chocolates (whichever is, at the moment, illegal) after eight o'clock, places where alcohol is consumed, or put on the hair, during prohibited hours, places where . . . well, you know what I mean, although, thank Heaven, I don't myself . . . and no visitor should leave the Metropolis without paying a visit to as many of them as possible.

The above picture is put in owing to a confusion between the words "Underworld" and "Underground," but, anyway, that is also a feature of London —London, where, I needn't remind you, ABDULLA CIGARETTES come from.

FOUGASSE

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

SOME BRIGHT LITTLE THINGS

A YOUNG FOLLOWER OF AN OLD SPORT: Jean, the five-year-old daughter of Captain Knight, the famous naturalist, assists him in training a red-tailed hawk and a great horned owl in the art of falconry. The hawk is seen above "hooded" in the medieval fashion

On right—

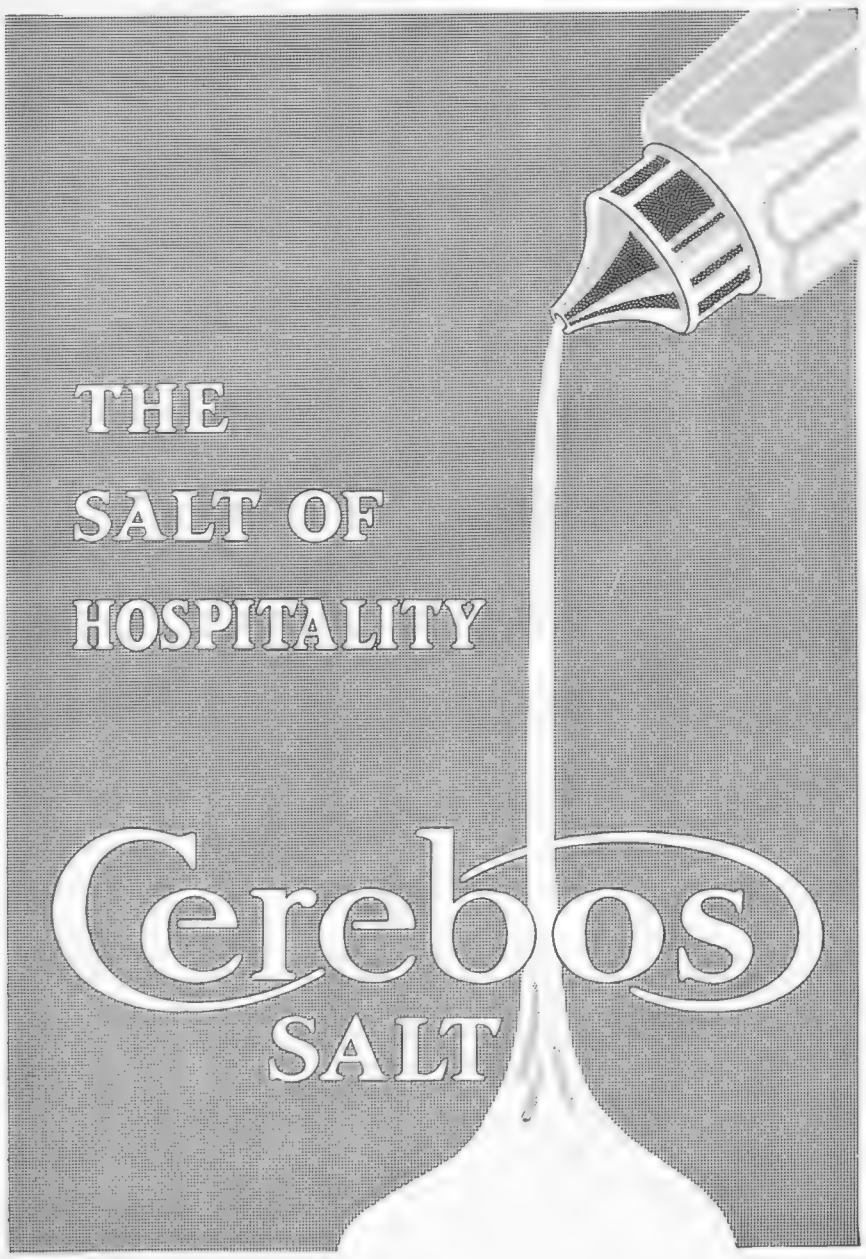
A NOTABLE CHRISTENING: Master Noel Robert Cunningham-Reid attended his christening at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, in a robe of very old Brussels lace. Among his godparents are Lady Louise Mountbatten, Lady Brecknock, and Lady Forres. The hero of the occasion is seen in the picture with his mother

GREEDY, GREEDY! Jean, the little daughter of Lady Marcia Miles, the well-known breeder of skye terriers and springer spaniels, is besieged by a couple of champions at the High Wycombe Kennels

On left—

LA PENSIEROSA: Miss Sarah Birkin, the daughter of Lady Edward Hay, the wife of the heir-presumptive of the Marquess of Tweeddale. Lord and Lady Edward Hay have recently settled in Norfolk, while keeping their delightful house in Hyde Park Gardens

Marcus Adams



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Scarves in Silk or Wools.

Ties in Pure Dye Repp Silk.

Also Uncreaseable Weave Silk.

BLAZERS
(to measure)

Woven Stripes ... 57/6
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Hand Embroidered Badges a Speciality.

Full Price List on application.

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YOU may have the clearest idea how a design should be carried out . . . your skill and sense of line and colour may be perfect. But you must know also the ranges where your heart's desires may always be attained—**Courtaulds' Dress and Lingerie Fabrics.**

Using any one of these Fabrics you have the positive assurance that its thrilling beauties will not cease to thrill through the efforts of time and exposure.

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LADIES SHOULD LOOK FOR THE COURTAULD HOUSE MARK WHEN BUYING DRESS AND LINGERIE FABRICS. IT IS A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY AND SATISFACTORY SERVICE.

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If any difficulty in obtaining Courtaulds' Dress and Lingerie Fabrics, please write for name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature to COURTAULDS, LTD. (Dept. F. 2), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C. 1.

The PETROL World

By A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

THE LIGHT CAR.—At the present moment light cars are enjoying an enormous amount of popularity and by the expression "light car" I mean any motor vehicle with an engine not exceeding 1½ litres in capacity. So many people, particularly those who have had anything to do with the army, look upon all motor-cars as light cars, that I want to make it clear to which class of vehicle I am referring. It is perfectly true to say that all early motor-cars were light cars, but the modern vehicle of this class dates back to 1912 when a great movement in the motor world produced hundreds of small motor-cars with all kinds of quaint transmissions, including belts. The engines of these early light cars, or perhaps I should refer to them as cycle-cars, for that was the name by which they were known in those days, were practically all within the 1½-litre limit. In 1912 the first small modern Singer car made its appearance, and as it boasted an orthodox transmission-system it and those cars which imitated it were called light cars. In the course of time the belt-transmission disappeared, and all these small vehicles, with one or two exceptions, possessed a proper gear-box and bevel-driven back axle.

The present-day Singer, Standard, Austin, etc., are all descendants of these early light cars, and the popularity which they now enjoy can in a large measure be traced to the enthusiasm of the manufacturers and owners of these pioneer vehicles.

The light car class includes, of course, the so-called baby cars, but these were a much later development and were only made possible by the advancement in engine design which permitted manufacturers to obtain the necessary horse-power from a very small engine. It is thought in some quarters that THE SPHERE deals only, or at least principally, with cars in the luxury class, but I would like to make it quite clear that this assumption is entirely wrong. I endeavour to deal with every type of motor-car in these notes week by week, and in view of the fact that from 1912 right on to 1922 I was associated exclusively with light cars, I am not likely to overlook them now. If readers require any information regarding these small vehicles I am just as pleased to answer their queries as I would be if the subject in question was a £2,000 chassis.

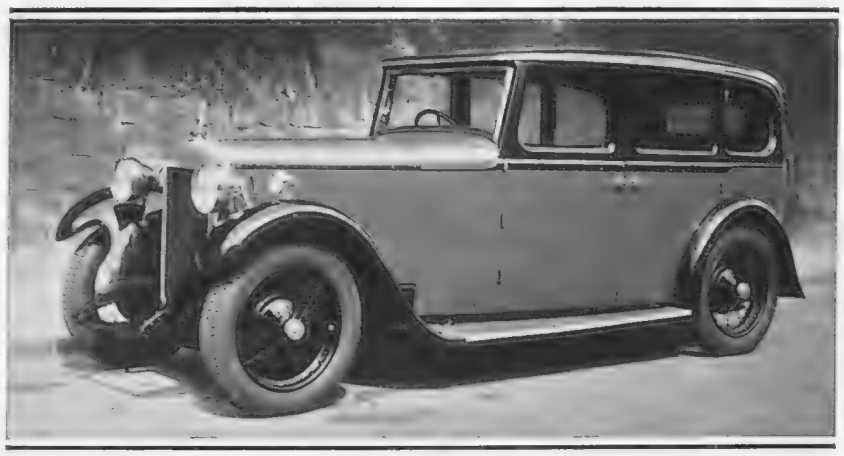
GEAR-CHANGING.—The light car is essentially a British conception and it owes its birth and development to the system of taxation which is now and has been in force for many years. Cars of this description have certain very definite advantages over larger vehicles. To commence with they do not cost so much at the beginning, and their running expenses are on a really moderate scale. They are handy to drive, they require less room for garaging or parking, and they are particularly suited for the fair sex. Some of them are capable of surprising performances, and many of them handle in some respects like a large car. At the same time it cannot be denied that the big motor-car has attractions of its own which the smaller one can never possess.

For instance, with a powerful vehicle one can cruise along at 50 m.p.h. and the engine appears to be almost idling. The larger car as a general rule holds the road better, and is not so prone to jump about or skid when the brakes are put on in an emergency. The whole chassis has usually a solidity about it which inspires confidence, but naturally all this costs money, and so those who pay one or two hundred pounds for a car must not expect to get every advantage which comes to the purchaser of a more expensive proposition.

One thing which the light car has done for this country is to turn the people into a nation of gear-changers. Motorists abroad, however, absolutely refuse to have anything to do with the gear-lever, and so the light car has a definite disadvantage at the moment in the overseas markets. As the roads in distant lands improve, and this process is going on rapidly abroad, and particularly in the Dominions, they will call for more and more light cars, because with good roads their advantages will be appreciated, that is, presuming the motorists in those parts can be taught and persuaded that gear-changing adds to rather than detracts from the pleasures of motoring.

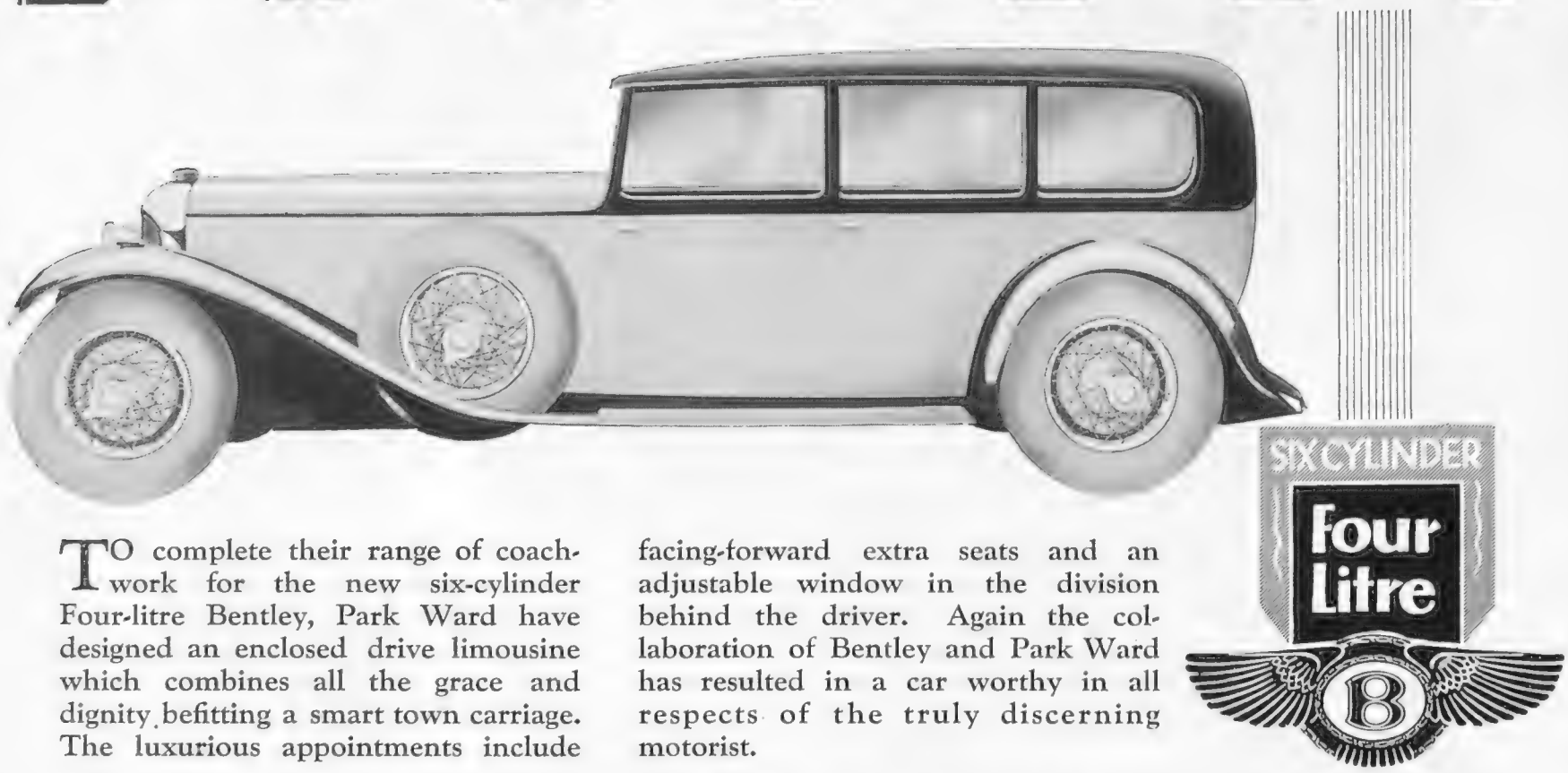
A BARGAIN.—I did something the other day which I had not done since the year immediately after the War, and that was to buy a second-hand car. Circumstances arose which made it advisable for me to have an additional vehicle to run short journeys over rough roads and on the beach. I was on the look-out for something which would not hurt itself by being left out near the sea all night, and which could be employed for rough carting and carrying a water tank when necessary. Eventually I purchased a 11–22 Wolseley two-seater for the large sum of £10. According to the registration book the car was born in August, 1925, and as it came into my possession from a well-known firm who are not likely to sell me something radically wrong I reckoned I had obtained a good bargain. After everything was oiled and greased the whole car was repainted by my staff, and with a little expenditure of elbow grease on the bright parts the outfit resumed quite a smart appearance. Up to the moment it has only been asked to do one reasonably long journey, and it covered the fifty-four miles without a wheeze or a cough. I see no reason why it should not carry out its allotted task for quite a long time to come, and so one can safely say that real bargains

(Continued on p. 366)



THE NEW DAIMLER MODEL: On the chassis of the 16/20-h.p. Daimler, two bodies have been built—the 4-door, 4-window model produced in March, and the 6-window saloon seen above. Both models are fitted with the famous Fluid Flywheel transmission

BENTLEY

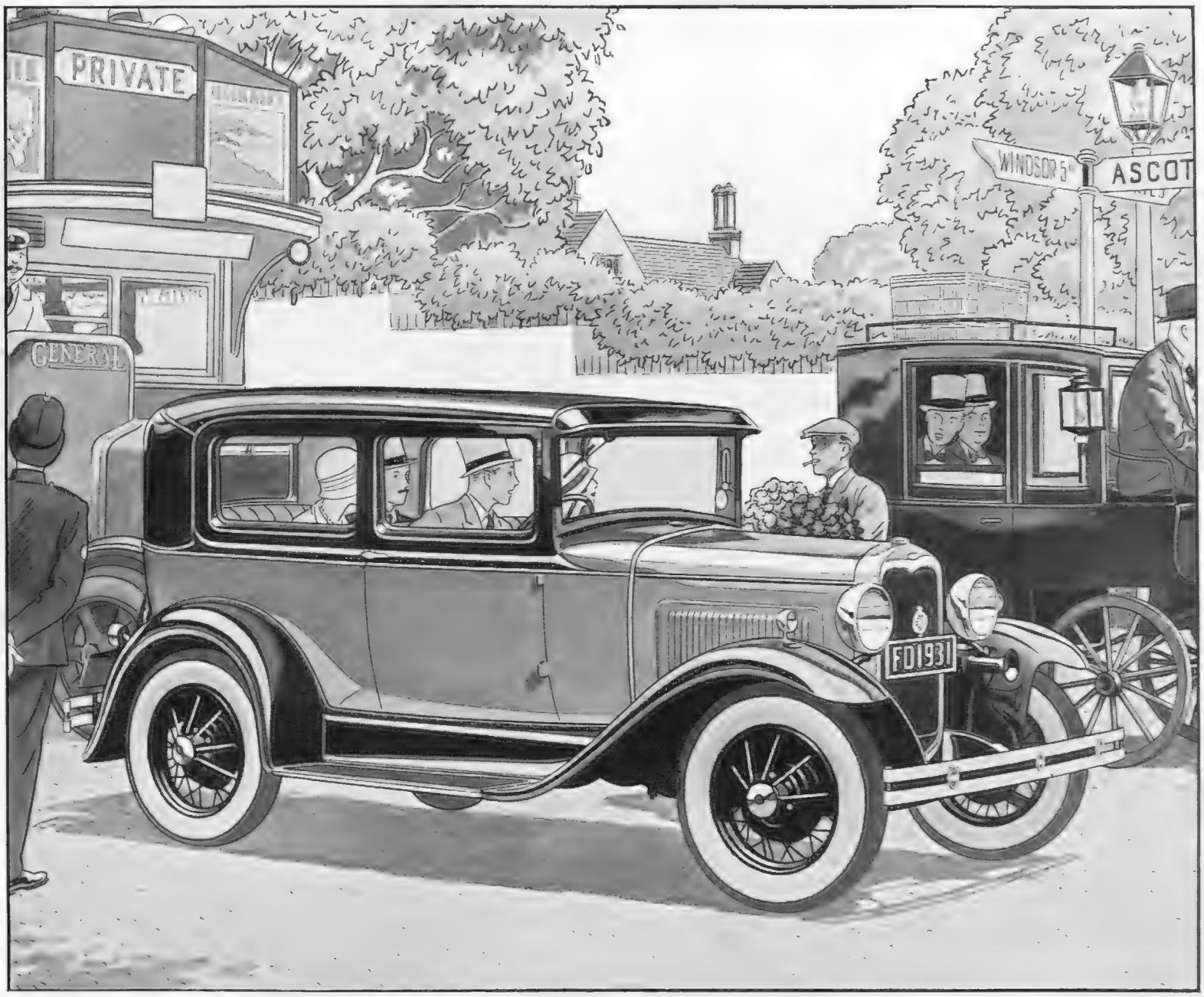


TO complete their range of coach-work for the new six-cylinder Four-litre Bentley, Park Ward have designed an enclosed drive limousine which combines all the grace and dignity befitting a smart town carriage. The luxurious appointments include facing-forward extra seats and an adjustable window in the division behind the driver. Again the collaboration of Bentley and Park Ward has resulted in a car worthy in all respects of the truly discerning motorist.

Park Ward Coachwork

40, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1 PHONE: REGENT 2744

ASCOT . . . ROYAL ASCOT!



New Ford 24 h.p. Tudor Saloon, £180 at works, Manchester (14.9 h.p., £5 extra).

WORDS suggestive of elegance and luxury, as well as sport. For Ascot, or any other classic social occasion, you must have efficiency in transport, and present conditions point to economy. The New Ford combines efficiency and economy, comfort and compactness, elegance and ease of handling, unequalled by any other car purchasable at the price of the New Ford.

Let the Local Ford Dealer demonstrate the ability of the New Ford to satisfy your every requirement.

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LINCOLN Ford FORDSON

AIRCRAFT

AS OTHERS SEE US

"I always look upon the Riley "9" as a car which has set a fashion in this country"—

Thus Mr. A. Percy Bradley, Motoring Correspondent of the "Sphere." Mr. Bradley continues —

No one can dispute the fact that the Riley 'Nine" Saloon when it first came out was a car which set many other motor manufacturers thinking, with the result that those peculiar yet attractive lines of the Riley coachwork have been copied over and over again.

On the road this car runs like one twice as big and as heavy in so far as its road-holding qualities are concerned. The engine is wonderfully powerful for its size, and is very rapid in getting into its stride. Smooth running is one of its principal features. There was no difficulty in starting up, and the engine never appeared to over-heat.

The driving position is excellent and there is plenty of elbow room. The suspension was distinctly good. The steering was light and free from back-lash. The lock provided was more than generous.

Coming now to the brakes, I found that those operated by the lever and the pedal could be adjusted by the driver or passenger whilst sitting in their seats and travelling along the road.

The bodywork calls for special mention — four large doors give access to the interior. After my experience, I was not in the least surprised that this car has a wonderful record of successes. It is so obviously efficient that it is difficult to imagine how anyone else could produce a chassis of or near the same dimensions, having a better performance. The motorist, whether he is expert or merely passable in the handling of cars is bound to experience a peculiar feeling of pride when he finds himself driving one of these Rileys.

Now wouldn't you like to test the "PLUS" RILEY — THE CAR THAT DEPRECIATES LEAST — If you would, write us or any Riley Agent.

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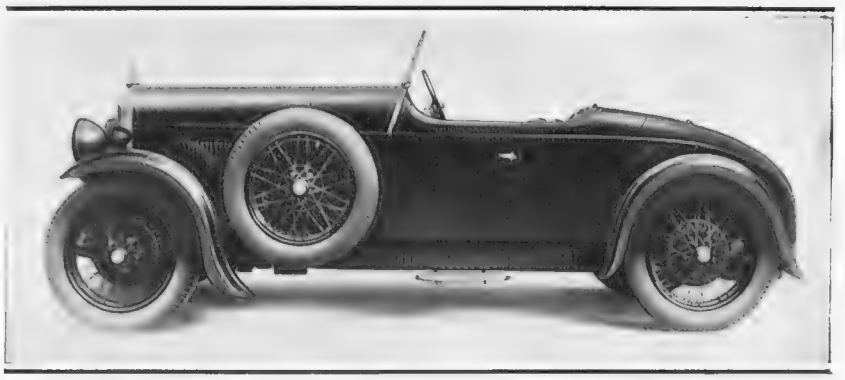
AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY — Riley — AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

"PLUS" MONACO SALOON } £298
Triplex Glass & Dunlop Tyres Standard }



A SPEEDY TWO-SEATER: The new 12/60-h.p. Sports Alvis which, with a twin-carburetter engine, has a road speed of 85 m.p.h. The petrol consumption averages 30 m.p.g.

The PETROL World —(cont.)

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

are obtainable in the second-hand market. To be perfectly truthful I am deriving more fun and more excitement over this £10 car than I do from my £700 1931 supercharged Lagonda. If anything goes wrong with the Lagonda, or I should say, if some adjustment is required I ring up the works and they send a mechanic over to me straight away, but with this old Wolseley I feel I want to do the job myself simply because it is interesting.

TAX MORE THAN PURCHASE PRICE.—I strongly advise any motorist who has the necessary room in which to store another car and who does not mind putting his hand in his pocket for a £10 note to hunt round and add in this way to his stable. He will derive much pleasure from his acquisition and he will find, when driving his second mount, that the old spirit of adventure of the early motoring days will return to him though in a somewhat milder form. The sad part about these £10 second-hand cars is that our benign Government requires in one year more money in the form of taxation than the purchase price of the vehicle. This seems absolutely ridiculous, but if the fees are supposed to represent compensation for the wear and tear of the roads on which the car runs it is difficult to put forward any fair alternative scheme which would differentiate between a 1925 11 h.p., car and one made in 1931. This colossal tax has, of course, completely killed the sale of second-hand high-powered cars. Only the other day a friend of mine bought a five-year old 45 h.p. car in really excellent condition for the large sum of 50s., but of course, the moment he wanted to use it on the road he was faced with an expenditure of £45 for the licence.

FREE R.A.C. MAPS.—The difficulties of following a strange route into or out of London are appreciated by every motorist who has ever attempted it. To assist members making a journey which involves driving in any part of the Metropolitan area, the R.A.C. now supplies free with every R.A.C. route a large scale street map, plainly marked in red to indicate the roads to be traversed. The map is clearly printed, and although it contains a good deal of detailed information, such as the whereabouts of golf clubs, railway stations, Ministry of Transport road numbers, etc., is very easily read. Because of the prominent corner position they so frequently occupy, and because they are commonly used in giving directions to strangers, the whereabouts of all the more important public houses are also shown. In addition to its value to drivers travelling in and out of London, the map is of the greatest use to motorists going from one suburb to another.

Immediately the Road Traffic Act came into operation the R.A.C. published a booklet containing in simple language a summary of those sections of the Act and the regulations made under it, particularly affecting private car owners and motor cyclists. In view of the importance of all motorists being familiar with the new laws and regulations the R.A.C. decided to issue the booklet free of charge, and it has already distributed over 50,000 copies to drivers in every part of the country. The booklet contains not only the summary of the Road Traffic Act referred to, but also information relating to the regulations and licensing of cars and motor cycles, lighting regulations, number plates, and the storage of petrol. Copies are still available without charge on application to the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1., or from any of the R.A.C. provincial offices.

SHELL.—The man who buys or entrusts himself to a car is actuated not only by the design of its body and engine but by his belief in the reliability of the fuel, lubricants, and tyres which it uses. By providing perpetual tests of both these factors, motor racing probably benefits industry and the community at large more than any other form of sport. The recent success of the Earl of March and Mr. C. S. Staniland, driving an M.G. Midget in the Double-Twelve at Brooklands, was achieved on Shell products such as can be bought from garages all over the country. During the last two or three years, the fact that Shell has figured so prominently in nearly all these races involving the use of standard models, including the Dublin Grand Prix and the Le Mans "24 Hours" for 1929 and 1930, speaks for itself.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' PROGRESS: A 1906 model Ford, retrieved after years of idleness in a garage at Charing, Kent, is still in excellent running order. It is seen alongside one of the latest Ford Sunshine Saloons

I would like to take this opportunity of complimenting you on the way you look after your business. You certainly deserve the position you occupy in the motor world because I am sure no other concern takes the care you do to see that your customers are so well looked after. I have again to report that my car is giving me perfect satisfaction in every respect and that it is, if I may say so, a magnificent advertisement in the North of Ireland for Rolls-Royce.

Owner's letter, reference 2032

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ROLLS-ROYCE
THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

By Appointment to H.M. The King

COACHWORK OF ADVANCED DESIGN

THE fine tradition of old time craftsmanship is perpetuated by Barkers—long established as coachbuilders—in bodies of the most notable and modern design, bodies that in beauty, luxury and refinement are worthy complements of the world's finest chassis.

Interior view of a Barker Sedanca de Ville showing the two extra seats folded away

By Appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

A BARKER SEDANCA DE VILLE

ILLUSTRATED is a Barker Sedanca de Ville. Upholstered in fawn cloth, with fittings in silver-plate and ivory and cabinet work in polished burr walnut—luxurious in every detail. The division over the driver slides into the roof to give additional vision and light to the passengers.

A BARKER ROLLS-ROYCE
Acknowledged THE WORLDS BEST CAR

BARKER & CO. (COACHBUILDERS) LTD.
Coachbuilders to H.M. The King and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales
66-69 SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1
The Rolls-Royce Body Specialists and Retailers
Established 1710 *Telephone: Grosvenor 2421*

ART of the WEEK

"THE HON. DAVID BOWES-LYON": Mr. Philip de Laszlo's facile brilliance is seen to admirable advantage in this canvas exhibited in the interesting 175th Exhibition of the R.B.A.

The Leicester Galleries are noted for the unusual quality of their exhibitions; Nevinson and Epstein, two of the greatest figures of Modern Art, show there, and at the moment there are canvases of singular interest on view. These comprise a series of paintings by Richard Sickert, A.R.A., entitled "English Echoes," based on the XIX century work of Gilbert, Meadows, Bowers, Bryan, Francesco Sargent, and others—the illustrators of the Victorian era. In addition there is a group of works of modern masters, including works by Whistler, Orpen, Clausen, John, Corot, and Pissarro.

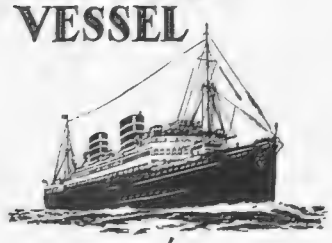
"GLENCORA," AFTER JOHN GILBERT: One of the curious canvases in the Leicester Galleries exhibited by Richard Sickert, A.R.A., entitled "English Echoes." Gilbert was a well-known draughtsman on wood

AGAR DANS LE DÉSERT: *A masterpiece by J. B. C. Corot (1796–1875) at the Leicester Galleries. The beauty of the composition is very typical of the painter's subordination of accuracy and precision of detail to the artistic harmony of the whole conception*

ENGLAND TO NORWAY IN LESS THAN A DAY!

IMAGINE the journey: You have lunched in the Restaurant Car of "The Norseman," which leaves London (King's Cross, L.N.E.R.) at 1.5 every Saturday from June 13th. The train brings you alongside the vessel, and at 8 p.m. the "Venus" starts her dash across the North Sea. Dinner in her blue-and-white domed Dining-Room, a chat in her luxurious lounge. A good night's rest in a well-appointed cabin furnished with bedsteads, not bunks. You draw the curtains aside, look out of the porthole on the blue sea, and remember you are more than half-way to Norway, soon to view its amazing scenery, and breathe the clear, tonic air. After breakfast and a laze on deck—perfectly cooked lunch is served, and barely finished before it is three o'clock and you are in the Fjord, and approaching Bergen, from which you start the most wonderful holiday of your life.

WORLD'S FASTEST MOTOR VESSEL



"M/V VENUS" (7,000 tons)

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SUMMER IN SWITZERLAND

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The sunniest part of Switzerland.

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Recommended Resorts:

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BERNE

One of the most interesting cities of mediæval times with mighty bridges, arcaded streets, curious old towers and artistic fountains. Magnificent view of the nearby Alps. Centre for Alpine Flights. Fine Kursaal, Casino. July 24th–Sept. 20th, 1931: First Swiss Exhibition of Hygiene and Sport.

BASLE

The Metropolis of the UPPER RHINE.

Famous Art Treasures (Witz, Holbein, Böcklin).

Starting point for all tours in Switzerland.

Daily Service from and to London.

GOLF.

THE LŒTSCHBERG LINE

leads through the most beautiful regions of Switzerland to the **Bernese Oberland, the Valais,** to **Italy,** and to the **Riviera.**

Thun, Spiez, Interlaken, Frutigen, Adelboden, Kandersteg are Jewels of Natural Beauty.

For free guide apply to the Enquiry Office of Lœtschberg Railway, at Berne.

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Switzerland's Metropolis on a lovely lake at the foot of the Alps. Direct Trains and sleeping cars.

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The Alpine Land of 150 Valleys of 900 ft. to 6,500 ft.

Unsurpassed for its Alpine Scenery and Climate, offers the greatest choice of Holiday and Health Resorts, Sports Places, Spas, Alpine Lake and Mountain Bathing Beaches.

Best Accommodation within any means (Pension terms from 7s.) Summer Hotel Guide of Grisons obtainable free of charge from Travel Agencies and Official Inquiry Office, Chur (Switzerland).

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The Centre of the Jungfrau Region. Kursaal and fashionable Bathing Beach. **Grindelwald, Lauterbrunnen, Mürren, Scheidegg, Wengen,** Alpine Summer Resorts, connected by an Electric Railway Line of 70 km.

Schynige Platte and **Jungfraujoch,** Europe's highest station, are world-renowned View-points.

BRAUNWALD

(4,000-4,600 ft.) Alpine Resort. Centre of the Glarus Mountain Region. No Dust or Motor-car Traffic. Prospectus from the Inquiry Office.

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Favoured Spring, Summer and Autumn Resort in splendid situation on the upper part of the Lake Lucerne. Modern Bathing Beach. Daily Concerts and other Entertainments at the Kursaal. Beautiful Walks in the Woods.

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(3,450 ft.), in the very heart of the Alps.

Centre for Excursions.

Tennis, 10 courts. Numerous Hotels, Boarding Houses and Chalets. Swimming Pool.

Electrical Railway from Aigle and from Monthey.

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4,500 ft. Bernese Oberland.

The Alpine Flower Garden — and Mountaineering —

Tennis, Sun-bath, Swimming Pool, 16 Hotels, 1,500 Beds. Through trains from Calais and Paris.

AXENFELS

Lake Lucerne. Grand Hotel Palace, 200 Beds, every comfort. Ideal for Golf, Tennis, Bathing.

Pension Terms from 11s.

THE MARTIGNY—CHAMONIX RAILWAY,

one of the most picturesque Mountain railway lines, leads across the **Trient Gorges** to the **Mont Blanc** (15,771 ft.), the highest summit of the Alps.

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(Bernese Oberland). Celebrated Resort and Centre for Excursions. Gorge of the Aar. Reichenbach Waterfalls.

Villars-Chesières-Arveyes

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Bretaye (5,900 ft.)

Golf (9 holes). 14 Tennis Courts. Swimming Pool. Centre of Excursions. Boarding Houses and First-class Hotels.

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(4,629 ft.) at the foot of the Gemmi Pass.

The most effective combination of Thermal Water, Mountain Air and Summer Cure. Abundant Springs of 51°C. belonging to the Hotel and Spa Company.

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Ideal Situation. All Sports. Bathing Beach. Casino.

Glion, Caux, Rochers de Naye, Les Avants.

Direct communication with Interlaken by the **Montreux-Oberland Railway.** From June 5th — Pullman Trains.

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Vast Untapped Sources of this Vital and Valuable Element within the Empire

To-day the world is crying out for more radium, a substance more precious than gold or gems, and seemingly magical in its properties. It would be futile to enumerate the known uses of radium, because there is not enough radium in the world at present to allow of its application except under most urgent circumstances, but the cure of cancer and the possible prolongation of human life are among the prospects its uses hold out. Fresh discoveries of the marvellous powers of radium are being made almost daily, but already it has extended man's horizon of the knowable in Nature's grand scheme into the mystic fields of what were, previously, only vague speculation.

At the moment, radium salt—there is at yet no such thing as pure radium; the life-giving rays which perform the wonders being emitted from a chloride, bromide, or sulphide of radium—is priced at about £12,000 per gramme (15·4 grains), and is a Belgian monopoly. The ore containing it, that of uranium oxide (commonly known as pitchblende) is mined in the *Haute Katanga* district of the Belgian Congo, and sent home to the great reduction works at Oolen in Belgium for treatment, one gramme being yielded from about one thousand tons of ore. Before the Congo fields were discovered, America held the monopoly of the world's supply of radium because of the existence of an ore of uranium oxide (carnotite) in the waterless deserts of Utah and Colerado, but as the ore was poor and the price of the radium salt extracted around £20,000 per gramme, America ceased to be a world's producer when the Belgian treatment plant at Oolen was completed.

Yet, notwithstanding the urgent demand for more radium and the scarcity of its containing ores in most known parts of the world, it is a fact not yet realised by Britons, that great reefs of rich uranium oxide ores exist in various parts of the British Empire. The *Katanga* belt extends into Northern Rhodesia, and in the Gondonia district of Bechuanaland are vast formations which, experts say, contain many million tons of pitchblende carrying more radium than is found in the Congo ores. From this field alone it is calculated that the world could be supplied with radium at a much less prohibitive price than that which now obtains.

In the heart of Australia, too, radio-active ores exist in a profusion unbelievable to all except the wandering prospectors who have seen the gigantic outcrops. Indeed, the writer could go direct to-day to some parts of Central, South, and West Australia where radium lies in surface formations far richer than ever known on the *Katanga* or Congo fields. Like other prospectors, the writer only smiled ruefully when he first saw and sampled those formations. They carried a mineral more valuable than anything else on earth, but that mineral could not be separated from the ores containing it by any means available to prospectors. A treatment plant would require to be erected, or the formations broken up and sent to Belgium or America, before the radium treasure could be set free. Neither prospect would appeal to any prospector the writer knows, so, until the British or Australian Government, or some wealthy syndicate becomes interested, the incalculable wealth of radium in those formations will likely to remain where it has lain since the world formed itself from out the melting-pot of chaos.

Among those Australian radio active reefs known to others besides prospectors are those to the east and north of the Flinders Range in South Australia, and especially in the vicinity of Mount Painter. Government analysts have taken samples of ore from this region which have proved to be richer in radium than the average Congo ore, but no serious attempt has yet been made in this region to extract radium.

Hundreds of miles nor'easterly from the Flinders Range country, towards the Queensland border, is an immense tract of dead scrub land in which miles of ironstone-like reefs jut above the surface everywhere. The surface sand of this country carries gold in very fine grains, and some prospectors go there to dry-blow the sand for this gold when fortune has gone against them elsewhere. Few have ever done more than look at the great brown reefs around them, but the writer and his companions recently knapped some samples from them and took them to Sydney afterwards to be assayed. The samples proved to carry a radio-active ore known as autonite and this, upon further reduction, yielded a radium bromide equal to one-twentieth of a grain per ton (nearly three-and-a-half grammes to the thousand tons, or more than three times richer than the Congo ores)!

In West Australia there is a district about halfway between Perth and Kalgoorlie known as the Yilgarn goldfields. In the southern part of those fields are a series of ironstone ridge remnants which rear themselves about 40 ft. above the surrounding sand.

"Don't you know that those old ridges contain many millions of pounds worth of radium?" the writer said to an old gold miner who was dry-blowing the surface sand around for gold.

"I've heard that the ocean carries many millions of pounds worth of gold," he growled in answer, "but both radium and gold have waited where they are now for a mighty long time and I reckon both will keep on waiting until this spinning old world is melted in the sun."

"But radium was only discovered a few years ago," I insisted. "The famous French scientists, the Curies, husband and wife, first separated it, with polonium, from some pitchblende sent them from Austria, in Paris."

"Well, the pitchblende is in those rocks all right; I believe they are now called the Glenelg ridges and are said to be the oldest rocks in the world. But if that pitchblende, or uranium oxide, as you call it, has held the stuff since time began I'll bet my horse it will hold it till time ends."

"Perhaps you are right, Old Tom," I agreed, for my knowledge of radium then was only that of any half-educated prospector.

Since then, however, the old rock remnants now known throughout the world as the Glenelg Ridges have been visited by some of the world's most famous scientists, and one of those gentlemen told the writer that samples he had taken away from the old weathered formations proved on assay to carry a radium value of over three grammes per ton! So it may be that Old Tom and others who are at present sifting the desert sand for gold worth about £4 per ounce—if the British Radium Commission recently appointed gets to work promptly—will find themselves extracting a substance which they do not now recognise but which is worth nearer £400,000 per ounce. Radium, however, is not eternal. According to scientists it has a life of only seventeen hundred years.

Some hundreds of miles northerly of the Yilgarn goldfields which contain the Glenelg Ridges lies the Pilbara Division of Western Australia, and in its heart is a mountain range known to the aborigines as the Ghost Mountains. The reason for the appellation is not known, but cattle drovers *en route* from the great cattle land of the north to the populous goldfields around Kalgoorlie, declared that they felt as if being continually electrically shocked while camping in the country. Recently, however, a party of prospectors, which included the writer, rode into this domain—a land of ghidgya, mulga, and sandalwood scrub, and vast caves in which enormous lizards and gigantic bat-like creatures had their homes—and, locating a promising galena (silver lead) reef, blew out a few tons of it for examination. The silver and lead contents were disappointing, but some samples eventually carried back to Perth and subjected to analysis yielded yttrium, vanadium, gold—and radium! The presence of the last-named opened up prospects brilliant to the writer's comrades for a time, but soon it was realized that a mountain of radium though representing untold wealth, was of no value to them.

We next went on the gold trail to New Guinea—the scene of former activities—and a famous professor was now a member of our party. We struck intensely radio-active uranium oxide ores in several places near the old German border, but until we got among friendly natives who had known us of old we assayed any reefs we found only to ascertain their gold values, and completely ignored the substance far more precious than gold or gems.

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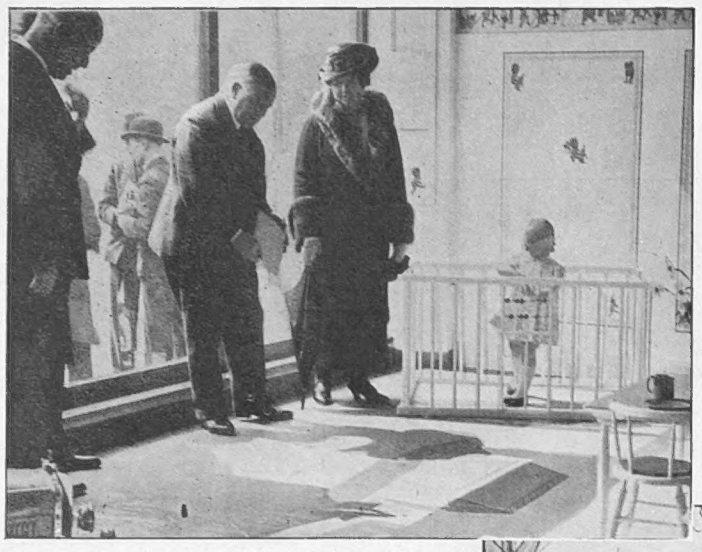
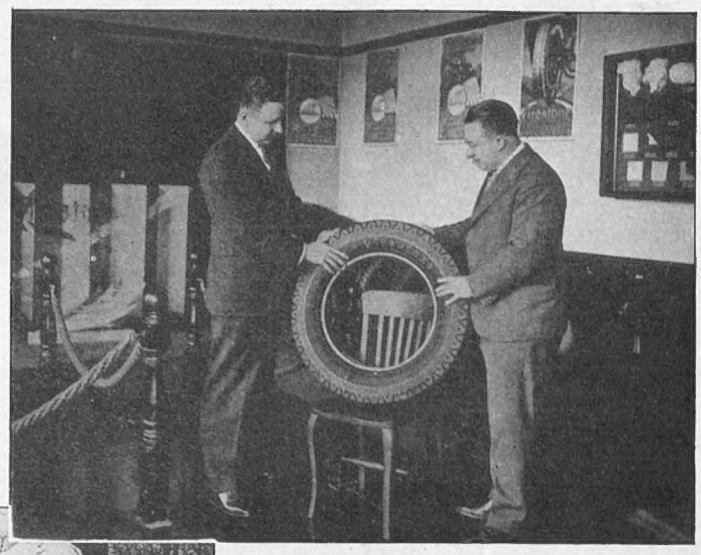


A NOAH'S ARK CARPET IN RUBBER: Mrs. Stanley Baldwin visited the Sorbo Rubber Sponge Exhibition at Bush House recently. The specially made nursery carpet with the Noah's Ark and animals in lead has been given to an East End clinic selected by Mrs. Baldwin



THE MILLIONTH TYRE: Mr. William E. Duck, the Managing Director, receives from Mr. C. P. Hawkins, the Works Manager, the millionth tyre built in the Firestone factory at Brentford—a factory which has been in production only 2½ years

A NEW AND EXCELLENT GOLF LINKS: One of the holes on the Ifield Golf Course which offers not only good and difficult golf but exquisitely beautiful surroundings to its members and guests

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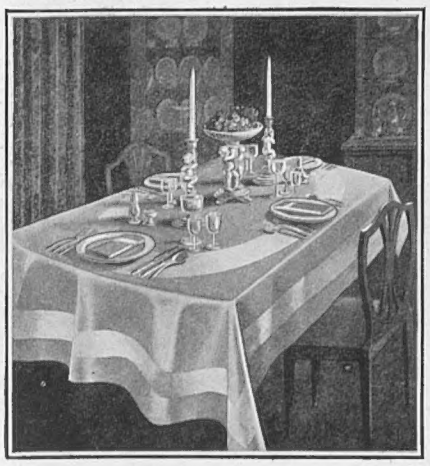

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